HARPER'S WEEKLY. A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—NO. 509.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

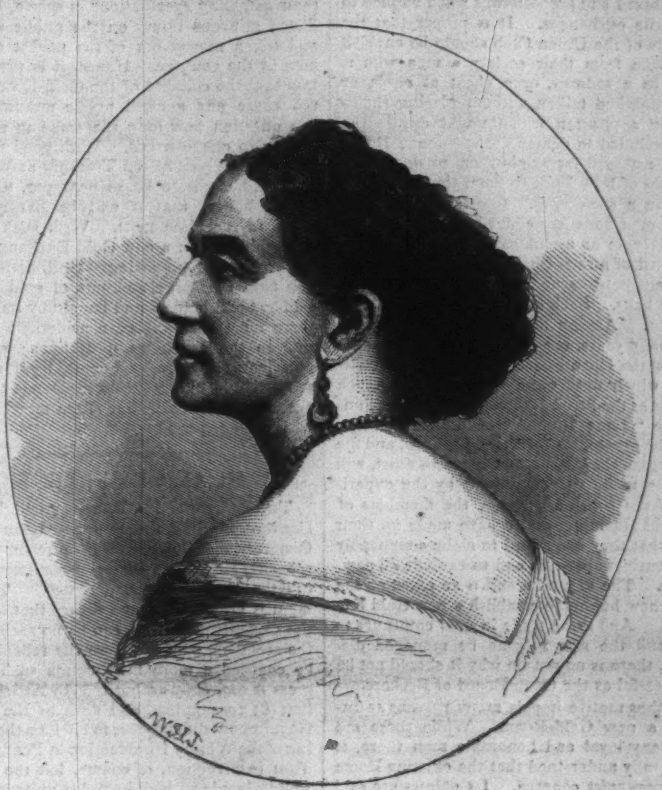
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## ADELAIDE RISTORI.

THE popular enthusiasm which has been excited by the arrival of RISTORI in New York—an enthusiasm which has a most worthy motive and occasion—leads us to produce for our readers a portrait of this celebrated *tragédienne*, the successful rival of her French contemporary, RACHEL, the only great Italian tragic actress, one who holds upon the Italian stage that place which upon the English has been conceded to Mrs. SIDDONS alone.

ADELAIDE RISTORI, Marchioness CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO, was born at Civita di Friuli in 1826. Her parents were poor, and belonged to the CAVICCHI troupe—a company of traveling comedians. Her first years were passed "the other side of the foot-lights." She made her first appearance upon the stage at the early age of two months, when she was introduced in a basket in a play called "New-Year's Gifts." At her fourth year she commenced to play children's parts, which she continued to do until she was twelve years old. When only fourteen she appeared as Francisca di Rimini, and the impression which she made in that character decided her future life. She then abandoned her wandering life, and joined the company of the King of Sardinia, under the directorship of GAETANO BAZZI.

It was at the theatre of Livourne, and twenty years ago, that RISTORI made her first creations and established her position as an accomplished *comédienne*. It was at this time that she, the daughter of obscure comedians, became the wife of the heir of one of the noblest Roman ducal families—the Marquis CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO. It was a romantic marriage, contracted against the wishes of her husband's parents. For a time RISTORI withdrew from the stage, to which, however, she soon returned as a tragic actress. At first her impersonations in this new *rôle* appear not to have been very successful; but she studied to overcome the obstacles in her way, and was rewarded with a complete triumph, which may be said to have been pronounced for the first time on the occasion of her appearance in Paris in 1855, at the opening of the Exposition Universelle.



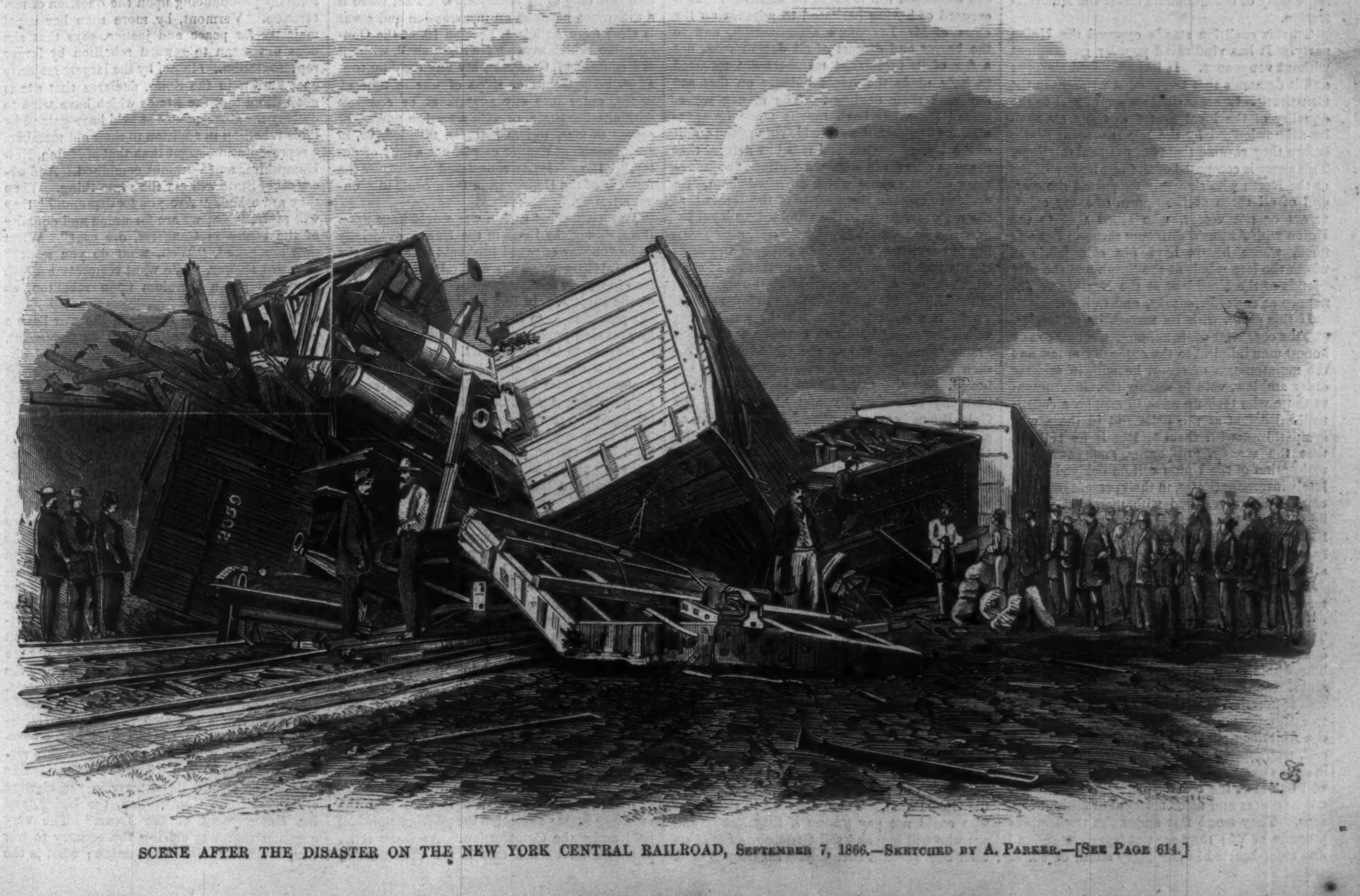
ADELAIDE RISTORI.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

RISTORI made her first appearance in Paris on the 22d of May, at the Italian Opera House, in the character of "Francisca di Rimini." The audience that greeted the début was not a very large one, as but few persons had the idea that so brilliant an artistic luminary was to take its place in the theatrical firmament. By chance only ALEXANDRE DUMAS, EUGENE SCRIBE, and JULES JANIN were present. On the next day the former wrote: "Last night I was at the representation of 'Francisca di Rimini' at the Salle Ventadour. I looked around the theatre, but did not see RACHEL. I beg that she will go and see how the death-scene is performed." M. SCRIBE called immediately on RISTORI, and, in her absence, left his card, on which he inscribed: "EUGENE SCRIBE, in acknowledgment of his admiration for Madame RISTORI, and with thanks for the great pleasure he experienced last night." JULES JANIN was the most enthusiastic in her favor. "RISTORI, RISTORI!" he wrote, "she is the rage of the day! She is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama. She reigns—she governs—she commands, and the crowd obeys."

She could scarcely have attempted a more difficult part than that of *Myrrah*, in which she achieved her first success before a Parisian audience—a part in which the actress, as the impersonation of unnatural crime, has very little of the sympathy of the audience. But RISTORI, true to the Grecian ideal, represented the guilty heroine as beautiful with a dignity and grandeur almost divine, though the victim of unalterable Fate. The situation which she represented was that one which is so common in all the great Grecian tragedies—in which is portrayed the conflict between the heart as moved by human impulses, and the will as subject to Destiny.

RISTORI was no less successful as *Mary Stuart*, where she was subject to comparison with other artists who had made the part peculiarly their own. But she created a new Mary Stuart. Her identity with the character was most complete.

The first season ended on the 10th of September. She gave thirty-six performances, the gross receipts of which amounted to half a million of francs. This



SCENE AFTER THE DISASTER ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD, SEPTEMBER 7, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. PARKER.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

success was so gratifying that Ristori secured the theatre for the three following years. During her residence in Paris she was the recipient of many generous testimonials of the estimation in which she was held by the most enlightened artists and literati of the country.

The character of *Medea*, in which Ristori makes her first appearance in this city, was a part refused by Rachel; but Ristori was so successful in this part that the author of the play, M. Legouve, wrote in her album, "Rachel killed me; you have restored me to life."

Ristori has had great success in England, Spain, Germany, and Russia. Her arrival in this country has excited great expectations, and will give an opportunity to those who have seen and heard Rachel of comparing the style and of measuring the powers of tragic impersonation as between these two celebrated *tragédiennes*. Ristori has led an unblemished private life. Not even the breath of scandal has ever been raised against her. She is the mother of two interesting children, and is universally esteemed as a woman of piety and of generous instincts.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 29, 1866.

## THE GREAT CAMPAIGN OF '66.

THE President has returned from the stump. The Congressional and State nominations are generally made. The platforms are built, and the great political campaign of 1866 has fairly opened. The issue is plainly presented, and most unfortunately it is an issue between the President and the Congress, which were both elected by the Union party. But it is a difference which we must accept, for we can neither arbitrate nor avoid it.

At the ensuing elections we must choose between two parties. One, under the plea of the equality of States, asserts that a State or a combination of States may renounce its common powers in the Union, may withdraw from Congress, wage war upon the Union, and then at its own pleasure, and in absolute disregard of the fundamental changes wrought in the Constitution by the war, may, of "continuing right," resume all its national relations without any other than a technical inquiry upon the part of faithful States and citizens. This is the platform of the Johnson Philadelphia Convention. It is a principle which totally invalidates every step toward restoration which has been already taken, and forbids any security for the future. Upon such a theory the Emancipation Amendment may be repudiated, the Confederate debt resumed, and the Acts of Secession remain upon State statute-books as merely inoperative laws. The party of this policy is a coalition composed chiefly of the Democratic party, upon which, in September, 1864, at Auburn, Mr. Seward charged the calamity of attempted disunion; of those whose conspiracy against the Union was defeated after a terrible war; and of a large body of office-holders under the Administration.

To this coalition stands opposed the Union party. It has vindicated popular government without vengeance. It has abolished slavery; and it demands that the change wrought in the Constitution by emancipation prejudicial to the equality of the loyal States in Congress shall be acknowledged by the late insurgent States before they resume their full national relations. This party is composed of the vast body of those at the North who sincerely supported the war, and of all those at the South, of every color, voters or not voters, who stood true to the Union with Andrew Johnson through fire and flood, whose hearts have not changed, and whom the late rebels at the South and the new friends of the President at the North now denounce as cowards, sneaks, and traitors.

If this party, with its record, its principles, and the character of its adherents, seems to any honest man inimical to the authority of law and the maintenance of order, he will, in seeking order and law, vote to intrust the Government to those who took up arms to avenge a constitutional defeat at the polls and to those who sympathized with them. But if he believes that the speedy, prosperous, and permanent restoration of the Union will be delayed if the lately insurgent States, in their present inflamed condition, are restored with increased power, he will vote to confide the Government of the State and the country to those who will patiently and firmly require the adoption of the Constitutional amendment.

The defeated States accepted the President's terms because of the moral weight of the united opinion of the loyal States that supported them. They will accept the honorable and legitimate completion of those terms if we remain united. The whole country has seen with how instant and sincere and universal a welcome Tennessee was restored. But they seem to us strangely to misunderstand the character or purpose of the American people who fought the war to its end, who suppose that, profound and earnest as is their desire of restoration of the Union, they will buy it at the cost of plain injustice to patriotic States and utter betrayal of faithful citizens. They stood fast under the tremendous pressure of '64; they are not less clear-sighted and stout-hearted in the angry storm of '66.

## A NEW GOLD EXCHANGE.

It is understood that a movement is on foot for the establishment of a new Gold Exchange. Various motives have prompted the enterprise. For some weeks the existing Gold-Room has been practically closed against new members. Men of unexceptionable character, adequate capital, and fair business standing have been steadily refused admission. The fact has been deplored by the most influential members of the Room, but they have been powerless to alter it. Having at the start borrowed from the Stock Exchange the most absurd of its rules, namely, the rule requiring applicants for admission to be balloted for, and excluding all parties against whom six black balls are cast, the Gold-Room appears unable to overcome this vice of its origin, and is likely to perish in consequence. It is hardly necessary to remind the general public that the secret black ball system is eminently suitable for social clubs, from which it may be desirable to exclude objectionable persons for reasons that can not conveniently be avowed, but is absurd and preposterous when applied to mercantile exchanges. It is proper that the members of the Union Club should be enabled to exclude from their society a man who is known as a seducer, or a cheat at cards, or a foul-mouthed talker, without placing themselves in a position which might entitle the party excluded to demand reparation. But it would be absurd for the lawyers or doctors or architects of New York to band themselves together in a society, and to establish the rule that no man hereafter could become a lawyer, or a doctor, or an architect without undergoing the ordeal of a secret ballot at the hands of his future competitors and securing less than six adverse balls. Such a system would not last a fortnight. Among Stock-brokers it lasted a good many years, but finally out of its absurdity grew the Open Board of Brokers—an institution which does more than twice as much business as the Stock Exchange, and which, unless the "Long Room" should hereafter become the great mart for Stock dealings, and the two Boards should in effect cease to exist, will continue to do so. Untaught by the experience of the Stock Exchange, the members of the Gold-Room appear to have made up their minds that they can afford to claim a monopoly of the business in gold, and to exclude all new-comers. The natural result is an effort on the part of new houses to establish a new Gold Exchange. And if the trade in gold continues to exist, and the new scheme be managed discreetly, there is no reason why it should not be as successful as the Open Board of Brokers.

Another motive impels many persons to institute a new Gold-Room. While there are very many loyal and honorable men there, it is generally understood that the existing Room is a secessionist concern. Its officers are said to have been generally if not always men of rebel sympathies. No loyal men, it is said, can command the votes of its members. It is accused of having hesitated to adjourn on the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, and to the horror and disgust of all decent men, not a few of its prominent members are reported to have made the street hideous on that sad day with their dealings. The money represented there has been mostly made by speculations based on the probable ruin of the credit of the United States, and it is but natural that the men who made it should continue to sympathize with the cause which enriched them. So decided has been the temper of the Room that the representatives of the two leading loyal papers, the *Tribune* and *Times*, have never been willing to enter it. It is felt by bankers and merchants that the gold business of this great city, which forms so large a part of the foreign trade of the United States, ought to be in loyal hands. There is no good reason for the antagonism which has existed so long between the United States Government and the Gold-Room. No such antagonism would have existed, it is believed, had the Gold-Room been in political harmony with the city and State. Had the Gold-Room been controlled by as loyal men as govern the New York Stock Exchange or the Open Board of Brokers, we should have seen no wholesale combinations to depreciate the currency, and to defeat the Government in its well-meant but ill-judged attempts to put down the premium on specie. Speculators might have made such combinations; but the temper of the Room would have been against them—not in their favor, as has generally been the case.

Another source of dissatisfaction with the existing Gold-Room is the insecurity of dealings there. At the outset every body was admitted who was prepared to pay $1000. Large numbers of persons became members who had neither commission business nor capital to speculate with. They are members still. Hence bankers and merchants who buy and sell gold in connection with the sale and purchase of bills of exchange, are constantly, in periods of excitement, making losses by reason of the failure of the parties with whom they deal in the Gold-Room. There are men in the Room who could not pay $5000 if they lost it, and yet who will buy and sell $100,000 of gold on their own account each day. So long as their operations are successful all is well with them; when fortune turns against them they fail, and somehow or other the Room, which is so firmly shut against new members, hardly ever turns them out. Such transactions naturally bring the room itself into disrepute, and prompt, if they do not justify, the suspicion that in that institution rogues stand a better chance of favor than honest men. Ultra loyalists will naturally say that a man who is false to his country can hardly be expected to be true to his creditors.

As to the prospect of a new Gold Exchange, it is difficult to speak with confidence. Bankers and merchants have got into the habit of dealing in the Gold-Room, and it will take time to wean them from its sphere. A large amount of capital is engaged there; the members alone, without outside business, could do a large trade among themselves, and keep a market established. But, on the other hand, the public do not love the Gold-Room. It is very generally, though perhaps erroneously, believed that the members of that room, by their gambling speculations in specie, have inflicted grievous injury on the public interests and taken money out of the pocket of every man in the country. Hence, it is pretty certain that the collapse of the Gold-Room would not cause any general public mourning. It is a question how long the trade in gold will last. No one can tell. With good management on the part of the Treasury at Washington, gold ought to be so near par, a twelvemonth hence, that it will be hardly worth while to speculate in it. With such a prospect, the field for a new Gold Exchange would not be large or promising. Still, between this and next fall, large amounts of gold must be sold by bond-holders and bought by importers; there must naturally be considerable speculation in the article as it declines; and if a new institution under honest, loyal management should undertake to supersede the present Gold-Room, nine out of ten merchants will wish it God-speed!

## WAR AND INSURRECTION.

The address of Mr. Randall's Philadelphia Convention, like the minority report of the Congressional Committee upon reconstruction, reasserts Mr Alexander H. Stephens's theory of "the continuing right of States." The argument is grounded on the theory that as, under the Constitution, there can be no such thing as the secession of a State, so the rebellion must be counted a mere insurrection such as Congress is expressly authorized (by Article 1, Section 8) to suppress, and such as the General Government did suppress in 1794, on the happening of the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania. That insurrection, of course, left the State of Pennsylvania with all its rights unimpaired. It did so, however, because it was not a war waged by the State of Pennsylvania, but an insurrection of a part only of its inhabitants. That there is a difference between an insurrection and a war is clear from Article 1, Section 10, of the Constitution, which says: "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or *engage in war*, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay." It was clearly considered possible by the framers of the Constitution for a *State* to "engage in war."

But what effect such a war would have upon the rights of the State in the Union, especially when the war engaged in should be against the General Government, is not laid down; and we look in vain in the Constitution for any provision on the subject. In like manner Lycurgus left out parricide from the list of crimes for which he provided punishments. It was a crime too monstrous to be anticipated. In our code Secession is the *casus omissus*. Hence if the discontented States had appealed to a Convention for proposing Amendments to the Constitution (as provided in Article 5), the omission might have been supplied, and the question might have been settled peaceably. But they chose rather to appeal to the sword. They engaged in war against the United States, and then an undoubted Constitutional power of Congress came into action. By Article 1, Section 8, Congress has "power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures by land and water." Congress virtually declared war, August 5, 1861, when it passed a bill legalizing all the acts of the President respecting the army and navy "as if they had been issued and done under the previous express authority and direction of the Congress of the United States."

The Supreme Court decided in the Prize Cases (2 Black, p. 636) that "The present civil war between the United States and the so-called Confederate States has such character and magnitude as to give the United States the same rights and privileges which they might exercise in the case of a national and foreign war."

By the war thus levied it is clear that the seceding States abdicated the position they had held under the Constitution. As there is no provision for such a case in the Constitution, so there is no precedent for it in our history. To find a precedent we must go back to the Revolution made by our forefathers in 1688. Then James II., after trying to break the Constitution of England, was pronounced by Parliament to have abdicated the throne. Just so the seceding States in 1861 abandoned both their duties and their rights under the Constitution. Then Parliament called in another king to take the place of the fugitive monarch; but the latter was bound by a Bill of Rights, to which he gave a solemn assent before he was allowed to take his seat on the vacant throne. Just so Congress proposes that the Southern States shall give their assent to certain Amendments to the Constitution before they resume their place in the Government. In 1688 the modifications of the English Constitution were as few in number and as moderate in character as were consistent with the safety of the Established Church, and with the maintenance of the liberty of the subject. In 1866 the proposed Amendments to the Constitution are barely sufficient to protect the liberties of loyal citizens in the South, and to provide some security against men, who, in spite of their oaths of allegiance, are not likely to have thoroughly abjured their former principles.

In one point the analogy fails. William and Mary cheerfully accepted the Bill of Rights, and they and their successors, down to the present day, have loyally observed its stipulations. Our late Rulers, on the other hand, propose to come back to power without giving either indemnity for the past or security for the future. So far from it, they claim to take advantage of their own wrong by sending (after 1870) twenty or more additional members to the House of Representatives. The Revolution of 1688 was the last revolution in England, and it was so because its logical results were secured by embodying them in the fundamental law.

## THE POPULAR VERDICT.

At least twice a day for a fortnight, in fair weather and foul, by day and by night, the President has assured us that he rested his case with the people; that they were the final judge; that he had perfect confidence in their wisdom, and should bow obediently to their will. Did it never once occur to him that to declare such boundless faith in the wisdom and patriotism of the people, and in the next breath to denounce the representatives whom the wise and patriotic people elected as traitors, disunionists, and knaves, was a poor way of proving the regard he professed? Do the President and his friends suppose that the people who heard and who read those speeches were so dull as not to see that in fiercely denouncing the chosen and immediate representatives of the people he was denouncing the people themselves?

The tribunal to which the President appeals has begun its response. The people are authoritatively pronouncing upon the question of restoration. Vermont, by more than her usual majority for peace and justice, says that she does not mean to reward rebellion by larger representation. Maine, by the largest majority ever known in the State, declares that she is not willing that the States which have tried to destroy the Government should have gained by their rebellion in addition to their old members a representation larger than that of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont combined. And every other State will say the same thing. When they are asked, "Are you for disunion?" they will reply, "No; we are for union and equality of the States in Congress, *are you?*" When they are asked, "Well, what do you want?" they will answer, "We want restoration which shall not put a premium upon rebellion, *do you?*"

The States which sustained the war have a perfectly clear perception of what they want. It is not party supremacy, nor continued disunion, nor vengeance, nor confiscation, nor hostile feeling of any kind whatever, which inspires them. It is that instinctive sagacity which will show a whole people to be as wise as a few statesmen have sometimes been. It is that wisdom which in this country will prevent the terrible spectacle so frequent in others, a second war to secure the just results of the first. The people, unless every sign and all antecedents are deceptive, desire to place the legitimate gains of the war beyond the risks of party tumults by grafting them upon the organic law. So far from weltering in confusion, the only party in this country which has a clear aim definitely pursued is the people's or Union party. He certainly is a very short-sighted observer, and a very superficial student of history and human nature, who does not see that the first Philadelphia Convention, and the Albany Democratic Convention in this State, and similar assemblies elsewhere, are merely movements of a defeated party to regain ascendency. The only principle or policy advocated by them is what is called immediate restoration of the Union. Such a platform is like that of the absurd Bell party in the election of 1860—"The Constitution, the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws." The very question that was driving the country to war was, "What *is* the Constitution; what is the scope of the Union; how may the laws be enforced?" The Bell party might as wisely have claimed the Bible as their platform. The very point was, who shall interpret it?

The case is not different now. The Democratic party, with the President and his friends, are no more devoted to the Constitution and the Union than their opponents. The very question is, How shall the Union be most constitutionally restored? Immediately to admit the late insurgent States to Congress after such a war involving such constitutional changes, without deliberation and sagacious care, is neither constitutional nor sensible. The result in Maine and Vermont—the party lines increased and strengthened—show that the people know it. The American people, intelligent beyond any other, know that it is not enough to win a victory—it must be secured.

## DEGRADATION AND HUMILIATION.

We still read a great deal about the humiliation and degradation to which the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment subjects our fellow-citizens of the unrepresented States. We are told that they will never adopt it, and that they never ought to adopt it. This would be more important if we had not been told exactly the same thing during every week of the war. Desponding patriots said the insurgent States never would submit; the pure Copperheads said they never ought to submit. So, at present, generous men of an impulsive temperament are sure that the States in question will never adopt the amendment; and the pure Copperheads are equally sure that they never ought to adopt it.

This talk of humiliation is utterly preposterous. It can not degrade or humiliate honorable States to ratify the necessary constitutional consequences of an amendment they have already accepted as a condition of reunion; while refusal to be represented, except with a future advantage not contemplated by the Constitution, invites distrust of the sincerity of acquiescence in the result of the war. The citizens of States so refusing are not arbitrarily excluded from the Union; they are merely insisting that rebellion shall be rewarded with increased political power. If their fellow-citizens of the other States object to a claim so palpably unfair and so pregnant with dangerous agitation, they can not be justly accused of cherishing hostility and delaying reunion; while those who call an act of such obvious justice and political necessity a condition to which high-spirited citizens can not be expected to submit, merely resort to the appeals of an earlier and an evil time to excite renewed disturbance and imperil honorable reconciliation.

## TRUTHS AND THREATS.

As Mr. Seward moved farther westward in the Presidential tour he evidently recovered some sense of the respect he owed to himself and to his position. Instead of the trivial and foolish talk in which he indulged in the State of New York, he made speeches at St. Louis and Indianapolis which were addressed to the intelligence of the people, and are therefore worthy of consideration. That at Indianapolis especially contained some passages which recalled the Seward of better days.

In this speech he said that under our form of government revolution is always wrong. "There is never any necessity, and therefore never any right of revolution here......There can be no reform of our Government by violent and revolutionary means......Give us free speech and a free ballot, and there is no measure of social amelioration and progress which the American Government can not accomplish." These are fundamental truths, and they can not be too often nor too strongly repeated. Especially should they be pondered at this time, when political orators speak so often and so glibly of renewing the war, and of the success of this party or that as leading necessarily to bloodshed. This Mexican method of prosecuting an election campaign was introduced in this country by the Democratic party in 1860, when the chief argument against the success of Mr. Lincoln at the polls was, that "the South" would not submit, and ought not to submit. Mr. Yancey came to New York and spoke at the Cooper Institute, at a Democratic meeting, and declared that we ought not to expect his section to submit to a Constitutional election which was disagreeable to it. He passed through a large part of the country, saying the same thing; and we do not remember that a single Democratic paper or orator protested against so atrocious and revolutionary a position. Mr. Yancey naturally assumed that silence meant assent. He assumed that assent all the more when he saw his declaration echoed by Northern orators and journals.

It is an unpleasant sign of the times that the same party is conducting the present canvass with the same assertion. Mr. Montgomery Blair and the other Presidential orators warn us that if the people constitutionally decide against what is called the President's policy there will be more terrible war, because a war of neighborhoods. The Democratic newspapers echo this menace. The New York *Times* does not hesitate to repeat it by calling upon the country "to avert the danger" by supporting the President's policy. That is to say, that if the people do not constitutionally and lawfully support that policy there is danger of war. From what quarter? The party which is constitutionally successful at the polls will not, of course, take up arms to support the result unless it be resisted. Will they probably resist their own will? If not, there can be no trouble unless it be begun by those who, like Mr. Yancey and his friends in 1860, refuse to assent to the result of a lawful election.

The Union party stands, as it has always stood, for law and order. Its position could not be more truly and forcibly stated than by General Woodford, Union candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, in his late speech in Brooklyn, a speech which is a model for dignity of tone and eloquent precision of statement. "At the outset of the canvass the Union party of the State of New York says, distinctly, if, in the election which is soon to take place, the policy of the President is sustained by the people, we will acquiesce in the result. We say as distinctly that if we the people pronounce our will in the thundering tone of majorities, we will compel submission and vindicate the law. This is the doctrine of republican democratic government. American freemen will vote according to their consciences, humbly asking the blessing of God upon the result; and when they have spoken, the will of the majority, within constitutional limits, shall be the law of the land."

## FOUND DROWNED.

Before the meeting of the first Philadelphia Convention we remarked that its only possible result could be facilitating the passage of a certain number of Union men into the Democratic party; for there could be but two parties in the coming elections, one of which would be the Union, and the other the Democratic party. We added that, of course, the Union men in the first Philadelphia Convention would either return to their old associations and vote with us, or they would vote and act with our opponents.

Certainly such a prophecy required no especial wisdom, for the result was inevitable, and the last week saw it verified. The Democratic Committee of this State called a Convention; the Philadelphia Committee approved the call. Democratic and Philadelphia or Johnson delegates were appointed. The Convention met. Its President was a Democrat. Its orators were Democrats. Its whole management and tone were Democratic. It nominated a Democratic State Committee. It nominated four State officers, three of whom were Democrats. Its proceedings were reported in the Democratic papers as a Democratic assembly, and its ticket will be supported as the Democratic ticket.

Nobody has a right to be surprised that the Democracy appropriate all the recruits so absolutely, and so pitilessly place them in the rear rank. The New York *World*, two months ago, sharply scolded the President for not sooner coming to the Democracy. "By his delay the Radicals have been able to consolidate the [Union] party against him, so that now, in the crisis of the difference, he will be able to carry with him but a comparatively small fragment." This was cold, but the sentences that followed were scornful. "As it is, he will be mainly dependent on the Democratic party, and the battle will be fought with advantages not materially greater than the Democratic party would have possessed acting alone." It is perfectly true. The defection from the Union ranks is wholly unimportant. A few have fallen into the Democratic stream, but they have not diverted the current, and they have swollen it very little.

## AT INDIANAPOLIS.

The disturbance at Indianapolis upon occasion of the President's reception is greatly to be regretted and condemned. Every citizen of the United States is entitled, in every part of the country, to the freest and fullest expression of his views. If any body dissents he may retire, but he has no right to interrupt. Of course none deplore and denounce the interruption at Indianapolis more sincerely than the opponents of the President, and it was one of those incidents to which every tumultuous crowd is liable.

Union men, whose cause depends upon the good sense and intelligence of the people for success, are bound to see that their opponents every where have the utmost opportunity to discuss the great question. Every party which, like the old Slavery party, known as the Democracy, strives to silence a speaker by noise or disturbance of any kind, convicts itself of inability to answer him. The sad condition of the Southern States before the war, the profound ignorance which made the war possible, was due in great measure to the enforced silence of every speaker upon the most vital question of the country. And the President's organ, the Washington *Intelligencer*, in declaring contemptuously that "a Republican Convention" would not be allowed to assemble in any Southern State, merely announces that the cardinal principle of the Government is not in the least understood there. Indeed, no former advocate of slavery, or present apologist of its continuing spirit, could or can possibly comprehend the vital spirit of our institutions.

In themselves Mr. Johnson's opinions are of no importance. They are worthy attention only because he is the President of the United States. As a mere citizen he has no hold whatever of the popular heart, except that which is derived from the fact that he broke with his party at the outbreak of the war, and was a conspicuous and faithful Unionist to the end. His opportunity afterward was greater than is often given to man. If he has proved wholly unequal to it he is the more to be pitied. We are rather to be blamed who supposed he could be equal to the great ordeal. We sincerely regret that his journey was marked by an event so unfortunate in itself, and so little creditable to the patriotic city in which it occurred.

## A VOICE FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The following remarkable article from the Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard*, edited by the President's Provisional Governor of that State, W. W. Holden, shows that the Union party has efficient and unexpected friends and co-workers in the Southern part of the country. The moderation and decision of its tone are equally significant, and there can be no question that it expresses the profound conviction of the most intelligent and faithful Union men of the South. "The appeal now," says the *Standard*, "is to the people of the United States who suppressed the rebellion. It is for *them* to say on what terms the Government shall be restored." We commend the article to the careful consideration of our readers:

"We stated in our last that the issue had at length been fairly and finally joined between the President and Congress. The President stands upon and urges his policy, that the States are entitled to representation without further amendments to the Constitution; while the Congressional party, comprising the great mass of the Republicans, hold that further amendments to the Constitution are indispensable in order to place the recently insurgent States on a loyal basis, and to insure quiet in the Union by excluding leading participants in the rebellion from holding office.

"Both sides seem to hold that the present Congressional test-oath should be maintained. The Philadelphia Convention, whose proceedings the President has warmly indorsed, demands that '*loyal* representatives' be admitted; and the President has repeatedly declared that the States will be entitled to representation when they shall send members who can 'comply with any existing Constitutional or legal test.'

"This, then, being the case, what remains but for those members elect who can not take this oath to resign, and let their places be filled by those who can 'comply' with the 'legal test?' This would seem to be the obviously proper course, especially after the call, by the Philadelphia Convention, for the admission of 'loyal representatives.'

"For our part, our principles are not to be changed or affected by the action of Conventions, or by *any* cause that will not convince us that those principles are erroneous. We feel sure that we have undergone no change since May, 1865. We thought then, and we think now, that the Union should be restored only on an 'unmistakably' loyal basis; that the President is merely a co-worker with the Congress in effecting this result; and that, when the President had finished his work, as he declares he has, it was for the Congress to investigate it, to consider it, to modify it, or to accept it or not as that body might choose. We have never understood that the action of the President in this respect concluded the Congress, or that that body was bound to accept unconditionally the work of restoration as accomplished and presented to them by him.

"We feel sure that the President and the Congress are both actuated by patriotic motives. We regret the breach between them. This breach is most probably incurable. The appeal now is to the people of the United States who suppressed the rebellion. It is for *them* to say on what terms the Government shall be restored. We expect to be content with those terms. Our people will be anxious and interested spectators of the struggle now going on in the Northern and Western States, but they are not in a condition to take much part in this struggle. They can only look on and hope that the result may be best for the whole country. Our sympathies are with those who are most devoted to the Union, and who are determined to restore it on a loyal basis, without the dictation of Northern Copperheads or Southern traitors."

## WHICH IS WHICH?

The friends of the President in the State of New York are invited to vote for Mr. Hoffman as Governor. On the day that Mr. Hoffman was nominated the President said at Cincinnati: "I will call upon any man here, and defy him to put his finger upon an instance in which I have swerved a hair's-breadth from the platform upon which the late lamented President and myself were elected."

Just before Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson were elected, Mr. Hoffman made a speech in Wall Street, in which he said: "The merchants, brokers, and capitalists of New York have met on this occasion to declare it to be their honest conviction that the only certain way of bestowing peace with the Union is by hurling from power Abraham Lincoln with his minions, and electing in his place a patriot and statesman in the person of General M'Clellan."

Chief among Lincoln's "minions," of course, was his military Governor of Tennessee, Andrew Johnson. That "minion" declares he stands now exactly where he stood then, while his friends are exhorted to vote for Mr. Hoffman, who declared that the "minion" ought to be hurled from power. If the President stands now where he stood then, Mr. Hoffman and his friends can support him only because they have renounced their principles of two years ago. If they have done so, their present principles are of no importance. If they have not done so, and Mr. Johnson stands where he stood, then Mr. Hoffman and his friends support a man whom they declare to be totally unfit for office.

The Union men who propose to vote for Mr. Hoffman may choose which horn of the dilemma they will. But those among them who truly honored Abraham Lincoln must vote with extreme delight for a man who said by direct implication that Lincoln was not a patriot and statesman while M'Clellan was!

## PHOTOMICROGRAPHY.

This hard word means the application of photography to the representation of objects as seen with the microscope. The inestimable advantage to medical science of such an application is evident, and it is agreeable to learn from competent foreign men of science that our Army Medical Museum stands in this respect far beyond any public institution or private investigator in the world.

Dr. R. L. Maddox writes to the London *Journal of Photography* to call attention to "the magnificent results in photomicrography obtained in America by Brevet-Captain Edward Curtis, Assistant Surgeon United States Army, in the laboratory of the Army Medical Museum." Dr. Maddox then enters into some statistical details, and adds that they "are so far in advance of any thing I have seen in this country that the greatest credit is due to Captain Curtis."

Those who appreciate the immense service to humanity of these representations of the exact aspects of obscure and unusual disease, and of the infinite varieties and results of wounds, will duly honor the patient, accurate, incessant, and intelligent attention necessary to perfect them.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

At the New York State Democratic Convention, at Albany, on the 12th instant, Mayor John T. Hoffman was nominated for Governor, Hon. Robert H. Pruyn for Lieutenant-Governor, William W. Wright for Canal Commissioner, and Frank B. Gallagher for Inspector of Prisons. The platform, which was in general consonance with that of the Philadelphia Convention, opposed centralization in the State as well as in the United States Government.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention met at Cleveland, September 17, and was addressed by General Wool, who strongly supported the President's policy. General Granger was chosen permanent Chairman.

A report received at the Freedmen's Bureau from North Carolina represents that the condition of the freedmen is generally favorable, and that there are at present but about 2500 dependents, notwithstanding that there is a colored population of nearly 300,000.

By the census of the city of Mobile, just completed, the population foots up 40,962 souls. Of this number 28,000 are negroes.

The result of the grand Billiard Tournament in this city is that Cyrille Dion, champion of all Canada, wins the first prize—the champion cue; Edward J. Plunkett, champion of Pennsylvania, the second—a full-sized four-pocket Phelan & Collender billiard-table; T. M'Carthy, champion of Indiana, third prize—the silver table, goblets, and pitcher; and John Frawley, champion of Ohio—the gold watch and chain.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### BY TELEGRAPH.

*September* 10:

(London.)—The Eastern question seems to be looming in the future. Russia shows signs of moving once more to obtain the control of the Danubian Principalities, and, probably, eventually of Constantinople.

The Porte has determined to recognize Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern, as Hospodar of the Principalities.

(Paris.)—General Marquez, Minister to Constantinople, has been recalled, and will go out to Mexico to organize an army for service after the French evacuation of the country.

*September* 11:

(Vienna.)—A decree has been issued by the Emperor ordering the whole Austrian army to be placed upon a peace footing.

*September* 12:

(Paris.)—The Emperor Napoleon has sent a special mission to Mexico to confer with Maximilian.

(London.)—The *Times*, of to-day, editorially admits that the Empire of Mexico has withered away, and thinks that the country should be left to itself.

(Liverpool.)—The Cunard steamships *Europa* and *Tarifa* sailed this afternoon for Quebec direct, with a regiment of Hussars for service in Canada.

*September* 13:

(Trieste.)—Advices from Athens state that the Cretan Assembly have voted for the annexation of the Island of Candia to Greece.

*September* 15:

(London.)—It is said that Great Britain has urged the Porte to give an autonomy to Crete, and that the Porte has refused.

(Vienna.)—We are on the verge of another war, which threatens to equal in extent that just ended. Austria shows bad faith in negotiating with Italy, and has made unreasonable demands, to which Italy will not submit. Austria has overcharged the debt of Venetia, and withholds Venetia property which she was bound to transfer.

*September* 14:

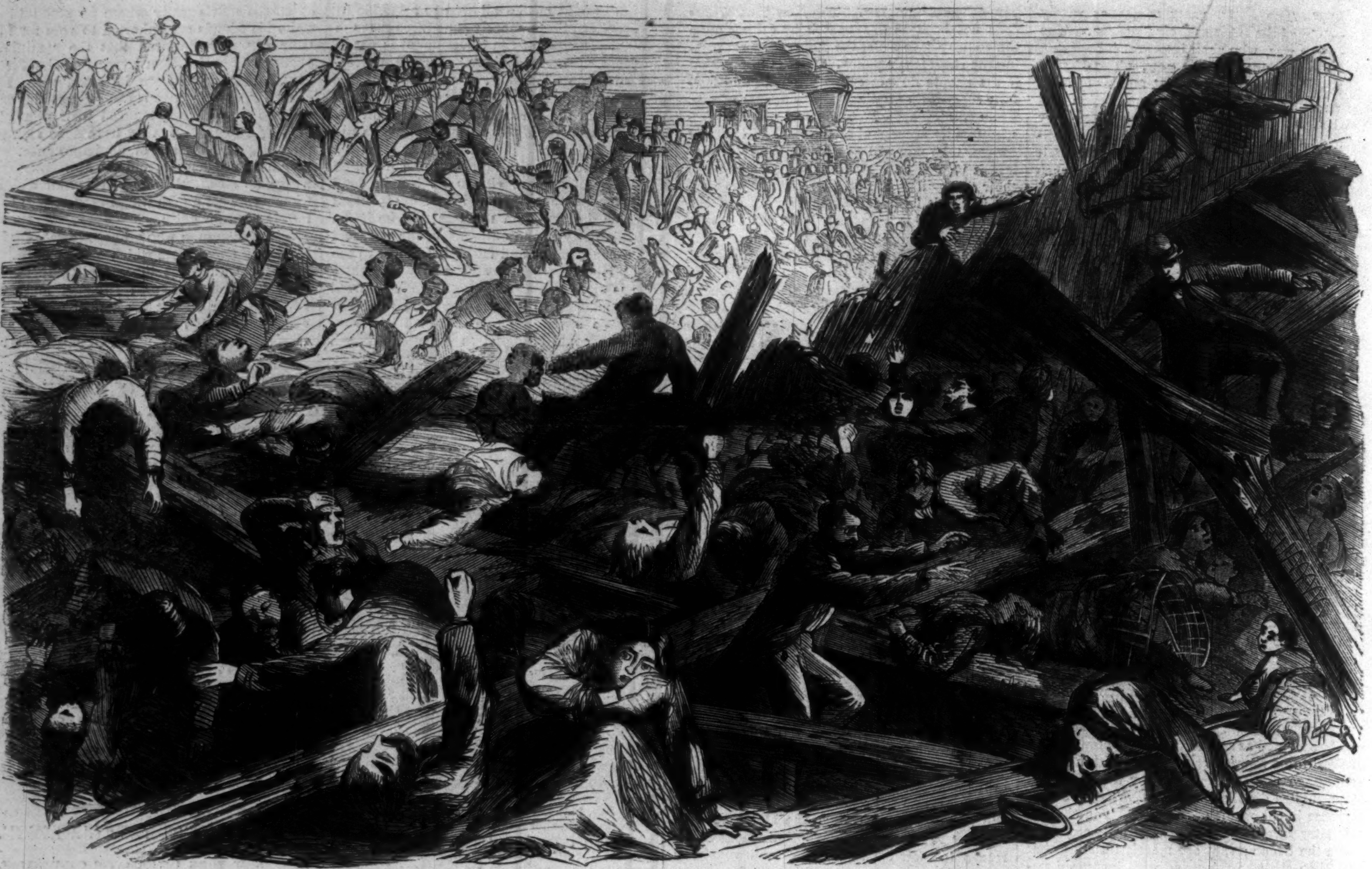
(Berlin.)—Prussia has emphatically notified Austria that she will not suffer Italy, her ally, to be insulted and defrauded, and that if Austria persists in her present course war must follow.

(Prague.)—The homeward march of Prussian troops has been peremptorily arrested, and the demobilization of the entire army stopped.

(Dresden.)—Every thing looks war. There is no reply from Austria to the notification of Prussia. It is now but a question of hours whether troops be not again put in motion for Vienna.

*September* 17:

(Southampton.)—The mail steamer from Rio de Janeiro brings the important information that the troops of the Allies have been badly defeated by the Paraguayans.

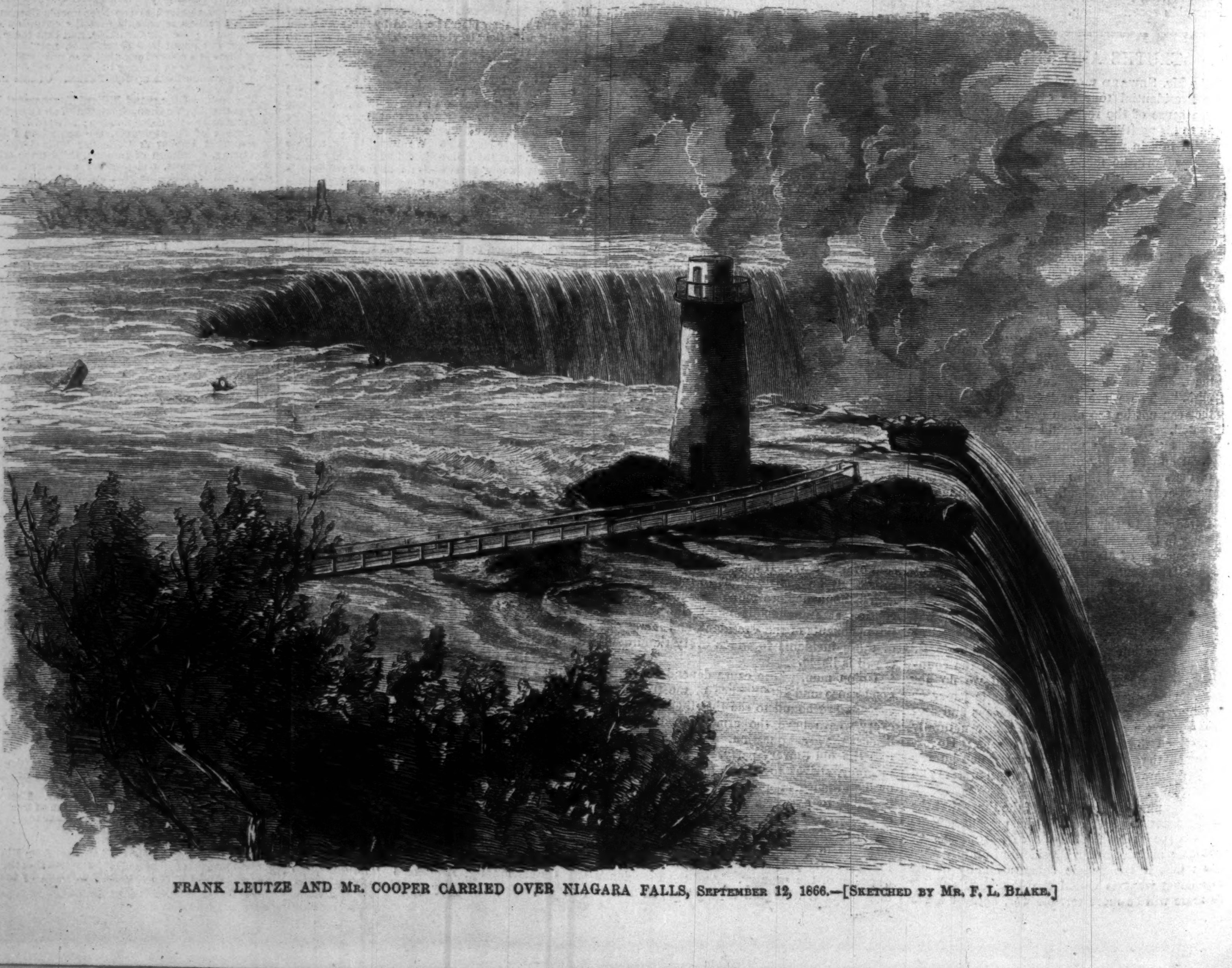


ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, September 14, 1866.—[See Page 614.]

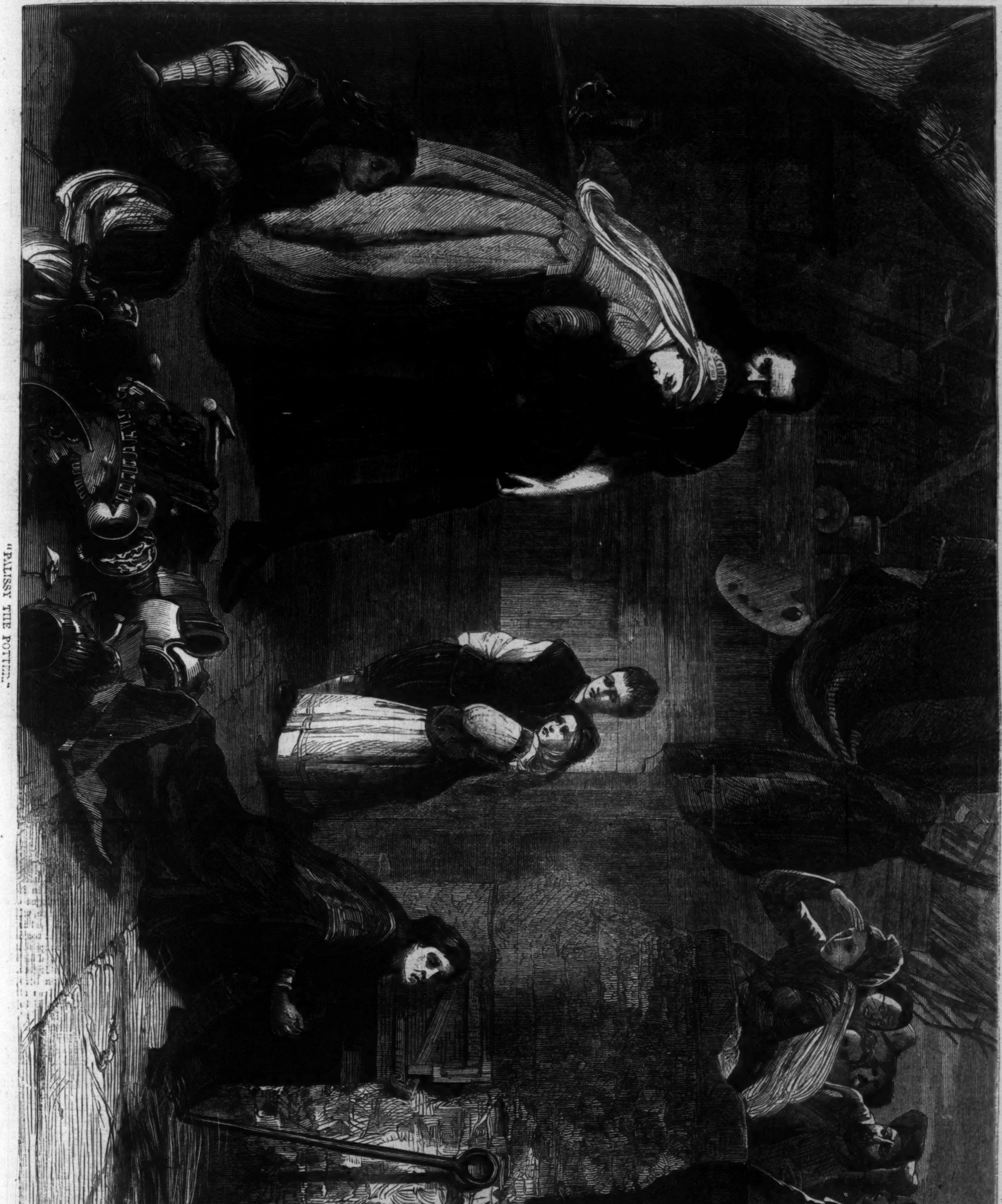
## OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

On the 12th instant two men in a boat were carried by the force of the current and a violent gale of wind over Niagara Falls. This incident, which we illustrate on this page, is thus narrated by our artist:

"Frank Leutze, a ferry-man, and a Mr. Cooper, postmaster, both of Chippewa, Canada West, hoisting sail in the ferry-man's boat crossed to the American shore safely, conveying a passenger. Having accomplished this, they embarked on their return trip, rowing. The wind blowing a perfect gale, they were driven, before reaching two-thirds of their journey, back into the swifter currents, and when near the head of Goat Island they were discovered by a few persons on that island, at which time the two men—apparently fully impressed with the fearful dilemma in which they were placed—were rowing fiercely yet regularly up stream, but all to no avail, as at this point the waters commence their terrific velocity. Surely and speedily they were drawn toward the falls, still struggling desperately, until the boat plunging over the rocks it was capsized about 100 yards above the falls. Then, after struggling amidst the dashing waters for a few brief moments, still clinging to their boat or their oars, they disappeared from view over the falls."



FRANK LEUTZE AND Mr. COOPER CARRIED OVER NIAGARA FALLS, September 12, 1866.—[Sketched by Mr. F. L. Blake.]



"PALISSY THE POTTER."

## "PALISSY THE POTTER."

THERE is no story of "self-help," or the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," more deeply interesting and pathetic than that of **BERNARD PALISSY**, the self-taught potter of Saintes. And no such narrative of heroic perseverance has been related with more graphic and dramatic power, or filled in with more picturesque and illustrative historical accessories, than Mr. **MORLEY'S** "Life of Palissy the Potter."

All our readers are familiar with those plates, dishes, and other ceramic objects, glazed with a peculiar mottled enamel and ornamented in relief, for the most part with fishes, lizards, reptiles, insects, leaves, and flowers, and named, after their inventor and producer, Palissy-ware. The ornaments are modeled with a truthfulness evincing the closest and most loving study of nature, all the subjects being taken either from the fauna and flora of the neighborhood of Saintes—where he settled, after years of wandering, as a painter, particularly on glass—or of the valley of the Seine, the latter years of his life having been spent in Paris. The reliefs are also treated with a delicacy and disposed with an artistic feeling which, united to their truth to nature, give to the pieces they decorate a value apart from many of the conventional productions addressed to the luxurious. Nevertheless, to us Palissy-ware is interesting chiefly for its quaintly curious and playful originality; and it is hard to realize that works of almost childlike fancy should be the outcome of one of the longest and bravest struggles against difficulties of every description of which we have any record—should be the chief triumph of a great artistic genius, of a natural philosopher centuries in advance of his time, and of an earnest and uncompromising Huguenot, who, but for the precious secret he had won, would have been burned at the stake long before the good old age at which he died a prisoner in the Bastile. Several weary years did **PALISSY** spend, enduring, as he himself tells us, misery and reproach of all kinds (sometimes being suspected of uttering base coin), occupied in discovering a white enamel glaze. And then his difficulties had only commenced, for he had still, unaided, to learn the potter's art in its highest form. In his experiments the slender family resources derived from his glass-painting and surveying were repeatedly exhausted, debts were incurred, and, greatest trial of all, his wife was converted by his ruinous enthusiasm into a bitter scold. He had to pay an assistant with the clothes off his own back. In one critical experiment he had to feed the fire of his furnace with the planks from the flooring and the very doors of his house.

The last and severest disappointment which **PALISSY** underwent before that ultimate success which secured him the patronage and protection of the greatest in the land is the subject of the admirable picture, lately in the Royal Academy Exhibition, by Mrs. **E. M. WARD**, the accomplished wife of the distinguished Royal Academician, which we have engraved on this page. This time the potter had virtually vanquished every difficulty, and was right in all his calculations as regards the preparation of the enamels and the proper degree of heat for firing them, and yet the whole batch of works he had placed in the furnace was spoiled. "The elaborate designs," says Mr. **MORLEY**, "the play of **BERNARD'S** fancy as an artist for six months; the debt incurred for maintenance and wages of the assistant; the hands wounded with labor at the furnace; the money begged and borrowed to buy chemicals; the weeks of drudgery in grinding, the hope and self-denial of eight months—all led to 'sorrow and distresses so abundantly augmented.'" This mischance occurred "because," says **PALISSY**, "the mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of the flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, would have been beautiful." It is highly characteristic of **PALISSY** that, although he might have had more than 8 francs for these works, damaged as they were, yet he preferred to break them to pieces in order that they should not injure the great reputation that he well knew he should now attain. "If one could sketch a scene like this," says the biographer, "with the pencil of a master, it would make a goodly picture. The dilapidated outhouse, its breaches rudely filled up with green boughs; **PALISSY**, grand in his own grief, tattered in dress, with a litter of beautiful vases, cups, urns, and medallions, the products of his rich taste and fancy, broken at his feet; the angry creditors invited to witness the potter's expected triumph; the village gossips pouring their much talk over his bowed spirit; his thin, pale children crouching, wondering about; his lean wife—God forgave her on the instant—pouring on him maledictions, ignorant or careless how his heart would open in that hour of anguish to receive one syllable of woman's consolation." Of the way that Mrs. **WARD** has realized this scene in her "goodly picture" our engraving will give some idea to those who have not seen the original. The only divergence from the author's suggestion in her version is that of representing the potter's wife as betrayed, if only for a moment, into sorrowful pity for her husband at this supreme crisis of agonizing disappointment. And notwithstanding that **PALISSY** himself tells us that he "had nothing but reproaches in the house—in place of consolation they gave me maledictions," we would fain hope there is room for the painter's assumption, proceeding as it does from a true womanly instinct of commiserating sympathy. Among the accessories of the picture will be noted various items, such as the pallet, the vials containing natural models preserved in spirits, and so forth, which help to tell the pitiful yet glorious story.

## NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD DISASTER.

WE illustrate on our first page the result of a misplaced switch on the New York Central Railroad at Canastota, Madison County, New York, on the night of the 7th instant. The night-watchman, having changed the switch to permit a freight-train going east to pass on to the main track, was called in the mean time to attend to some trifling matter, and neglected to return and place it in proper position. He did not discover his neglect till the engineer of a succeeding train going east whistled "Down brakes," and a general smash-up was then inevitable. The engine of this train plunged into the dirt, floundering among the flying timbers and torn-up track, when it was struck by the engine of a freight-train going west at a high rate of speed. The shock, the crash, the sudden escape of the pent-up steam, and the darkness of the night made the few seconds in which it occurred seem but a sudden flash, terrible and bewildering. The westward-bound engine first struck the side of the one going east, tearing its covering from its sides like bark from a tree, completely demolishing the tender, knocking the loaded freight-cars from the track, and after passing completely through two others from end to end, finally stopped in a nearly perpendicular position, its forward end resting on the top of a freight-car which it had capsized in its wild career. Five persons were killed outright, and a large number were wounded. The cost of this misplaced switch will be not far from $150,000.

Our illustration represents the scene after the collision, with the wheat, glass-ware, and merchandise generally, strewn in confusion upon the ground.

## BURNING OF THE CLIPPER "HORNET."

OUR engraving on page 616 illustrates an unfortunate disaster which occurred to the *Hornet*, one of the finest of the California line of clippers. What story can be more thrilling than that of a ship's crew in open boats, one thousand miles from land, compelled to witness the burning of their ship, and then to drift for days upon the Pacific, almost without hope, and subject to the exposure of sea and sky, and to the peril of starvation?

The following account is given by Mr. **THOMAS**, the third master of the *Hornet*, and Mr. **CLOUGH**, a seaman:

The American ship *Hornet*, of 1428 tons burden, Captain **JOSIAH A. MITCHELL**, left New York on the 15th of January, bound to San Francisco, with a general cargo, consisting of coals, iron, 6200 boxes candles, 2400 cases kerosene oil, and the usual assortment of miscellaneous merchandise. Beyond speaking one or two vessels, nothing occurred on the passage out worthy of note till seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May, at which hour the mate went below with one of the hands to draw varnish, taking a lantern. While so engaged an explosion suddenly took place, which set fire to the sails in the sail-locker between decks. The seaman rushed on deck, shouting, "Fire!" while the mate remained below, trying to put out the fire with blankets, which he took off from three sick men.

The ship was at this time scudding along beautifully under a six knot southeast trade-wind. She had just crossed the equator the evening previous, in the usual track of vessels bound to California, in longitude 112° 8′. The hatches at the time were off for ventilating the ship, as is customary. Hardly had the alarm been given before fire and dense smoke came out of the after-hatch, communicating almost instantaneously to the "crossjack-sail," which was hanging clewed up. In a very few minutes the flames burst through the main hatch and set fire to the mainsail. With the first alarm Captain **MITCHELL** was promptly on deck, and set one watch to work endeavoring to control the fire, while the other watch was ordered to lower the boats and get them ready. The quarter-boats were safely lowered without trouble, but in launching the long-boat her bottom was stove in by an eye-bolt, making a hole in the bottom about a foot square, which was stopped up with blankets and shirts during the entire cruise. The boats were provided with sails, but these being in the sail-locker it was impossible to get at them. A studding-sail, a main-royal, and some pieces of canvas lying handy on the deck were thrown into the boats, with what provisions were accessible, consisting of four hams, twelve tins of assorted meats, a box of raisins, seven pieces of pork, one hundred pounds of bread, and four buckets of raw potatoes. Four demijohns and a barrel, containing in all but twelve gallons of water, were also passed in the boats. The ship's chronometers, epitome, compasses, quadrants, and a few blankets were also saved, but no clothing except what the men stood in.

At this time the whole ship was in flames overhead, the fire creeping and leaping from spar to spar, and enveloping the rigging, sails, and masts in one vast sheet of flame. It was impossible to remain on board any longer, and at three-quarters past seven o'clock, or three-quarters of an hour after the first alarm, the order was given to leave the ship, and all hands took to the boats and pushed off from the vessel. Here was one of those grand sights often described but seldom witnessed—a noble ship, which an hour before was gliding cheerily along her course, now all wrapped in flames from the deck to the trucks—a grand and costly pyrotechnic display, in which the masts, spars, and rigging formed the bold outlines. The scene was enough to strike terror into the bravest heart, when he remembered that it was over one thousand miles to the nearest land, and the chances of reaching land next to none. At eight o'clock the masts of the noble ship went over her side, but the burning hull, like a huge lamp, fed by 20,000 gallons of kerosene and 6000 boxes of candles, made an awful conflagration, lighting the horizon for one hundred miles around, while the flames and smoke rolled up in black masses, reaching to the very clouds.

The boats remained by the ship during the day and night while she was burning. As the cargo gradually consumed the ship lightened, just as she would alongside the dock when discharging cargo. There were no explosions during the burning. At five o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the fire having burned through the hull to the water, the noble clipper made a plunge forward and went down bow first, leaving no trace of her but a few charred spars and pieces of wood floating about. This was in north latitude 2° 20′, west longitude 112° 8′, about 1000 miles due south from Cape St. Lucas, Lower California, 2500 miles east of Hawaii.

During the first night Captain **MITCHELL**, who had throughout the disaster shown a coolness and bravery equal to the occasion, distributed the men into the three boats, according to their capacity. In the long-boat with him were the two passengers, the third mate, and eleven seamen.

This boat is the only one of the three which has been heard from. On the night of the 5th all the provisions and water were equally distributed among the three boats, of which the two smaller ones were kept in tow by the Captain's boat. The Captain kept in the track of California-bound vessels, hoping to sight some passing ship. On the 10th, 11th, and 12th six dolphins, a bonita, and turtle were caught, and divided among the three boats, giving the crews plenty of raw meat, but as they had no salt they were unable to keep it. All the boats' crews were now put on an allowance of a gill of water, half a biscuit, and half a raw potato, twice a day. But when it rained, all hands were privileged to drink all the water they could catch.

On the 23d it was found impossible, under a strong trade-wind, for the long-boat to continue towing the others, as the strain and jerking were so severe as to endanger her, and Captain **MITCHELL** decided to cast off the mate's boat, which was done in long. 114° W., lat. 13° N. Three days afterward it was decided, for the same reason, to cast off the second mate's boat, and after coming alongside, dividing the beggarly remnant of stores, and bidding each other adieu, they cast off, all being in good spirits. Up to this time the three boats were still in sight of each other, each having a navigator in charge and heading on the same course. That night they parted company, and from this time we have no tidings of what befell the two mates' boats.

After reaching longitude 117° West, and latitude 17° North, Captain **MITCHELL** decided to head for "American group," located, according to **BOWDITCH**, in latitude 17° North, longitude 133° 30′ West. The boat spent several days cruising over the position, but found no signs of land. Thus far they had endeavored to keep in the usual track of California-bound clippers, in hope of meeting a passing sail. But failing to find land here, they headed for Hawaii, distant 1200 miles.

At this time they had no meat, and nothing to eat but the bare bones of the ham, and the canvas it was rolled in, with their regular two gills of water. Pieces of this canvas and the staves of a butter-keg, which had a saline relish to them, served as the main stand-by, while the leather of their boots was scraped off, soaked in water so as to make the leather soft. This served as their soup. For dessert they ate pieces of cotton shirts and handkerchiefs. By some accident there was a supply of tobacco in the boat, which served to allay their thirst, and may have been a principal means of preserving their lives. During the entire passage the utmost discipline prevailed, with watches off and on as regularly as on the ship. The boat leaked badly, and all hands took turns bailing to keep her afloat. With the strong trade-winds, heavy sea, and squalls blowing at times almost a gale, this was no light work.

After forty-three days of wandering, about 11 A.M. the cry of "Land-ho!" was given, and the lofty summit of Mauna Loa cheered the famished voyagers. The land was sighted a day or two sooner than they expected. On nearing it a flag was waved on a pole, which was seen by those on shore, but at first it was supposed to be a fishing-party. When approaching near the breakers, off Laupahoehoe, two natives swam off to the boat, and, on finding the destitute condition of the crew, climbed into it, shook hands with every one, saying, "How do you do!" took the oars, and brought the boat safely to the beach.

None of the party were able to stand up, and on trying to do so fell over perfectly helpless, and unable as infants to walk alone. The natives crowded around, women vying with the men, took them up in their arms, and carried them all ashore to the house of Mr. **JONES PULU**, agent of J. C. **KING** & Co., who received them with the greatest kindness. The natives brought all kinds of fruits and vegetables—such as potatoes, bananas, cocoa-nuts, etc., for the starving men; but Mr. J., deeming it not prudent for them to eat these, made some tea and broth, and nursed them with the zeal of a Florence Nightingale. Next morning they were allowed to eat a little more freely, but still with great caution, their host providing them more at each subsequent meal.

Word having been dispatched to Hilo, the American Consul there, Captain J. **WORTH**, sent three boats and brought the sailors to that port—Captain **MITCHELL** and Mr. Ferguson preferring to remain at Laupahoehoe till they gained more strength. At Hilo the Consul provided for all their necessities, and bestowed much care on them.

The whole party in the long-boat thus reached land safely after having been forty-three days at sea, on short allowance part of the time, and less allowance most of the voyage. What is more remarkable, there was no sickness, nor any of that dizziness which is so often the accompaniment of persons kept in a starving condition for so long a time.

It is considered probable that the two smaller boats were lost; indeed, it is almost a miracle that the long-boat was saved.

## THE ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

WHEN the President was on his way to Harrisburg from Pittsburg, a sad accident occurred in connection with a demonstration in his honor at Johnstown. This occurrence is illustrated on page 612.

Between the bridge and railroad office and over the canal was a plank-covering or platform, on which probably 400 or 500 persons—men, women, and children—were closely gathered. The structure gave way just as the Presidential party was leaving. First one section of it fell, precipitating the occupants to the ground, a height of apparently 20 feet. The second part soon followed, and in less than 30 seconds these persons were thrown one upon another, or buried beneath the ruins.

The platform erected over the canal was 75 feet long and from 15 to 18 feet wide. It broke in the centre, and as a consequence its occupants were precipitated to the ground, a distance of about 20 feet. The timbers and human beings were mixed up promiscuously, all falling in a confused mass. Some had both arms and legs broken, and others were injured to a less extent with contused heads and severe bruises. Seven or eight persons were killed, while six or more were in a dying condition. About ninety persons were severely, and a large number were slightly, injured.

## THE UNION FIRE-ENGINE OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

AN engraving on page 620 represents the oldest fire-engine in the country, named the *Union*, which, together with the original records, were presented by a committee representing the late Union and Naumkeag Engine Company No. 5 of Salem, Massachusetts, to William Penn Steam Engine and Hose Company of Philadelphia, on their recent visit to Salem. Mr. **JOSEPH N. LARRABEE**, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, furnishes the following details:

The tub or box of the engine is three feet eight inches long, twenty inches wide, and twenty inches high, and runs on wooden wheels twenty inches in diameter. The cylinders are four and one-half inches diameter with six and one-half inches stroke. The air-chamber, water-ways, and suction inlet, with a gate that water may be taken either through hose or from tub, are similar to those in engines of recent construction. It was built in London by one of two rival engine-makers—**NEWSHAM** or **FOWKE**, as it corresponds with the description of their engines. **FOWKE**'s circular, issued in 1729, recommends his engines as follows: "Constant stream engines for extinguishing fires—the large size plays two streams at once....and will feed themselves with a sucking pipe....The four large sizes run on wheels, and the other two carried by two men like a chair."

From the records of the company we gather that this engine was received March, 1749; but the company date their organization one year previous, March 16, 1748, when "**RICHARD DERBY** and others, to the number of twenty," petitioned the town to be excused from serving as jurors upon condition of procuring an engine for extinguishing fires; which prayer was granted on the following terms, viz.: "That the petitioners should procure an engine to the acceptance of the selectmen; and further, that in case of the removal of any one of the petitioners, where no male heir should be left to supply, it should be supplied by the major part of the engine company, with the consent of the selectmen." The *Union* engine was accepted April 2, 1749, and the company received the name of the Union Engine Company.

In April, 1750, a second engine, which was presented to the town by **BENJAMIN LYNDE**, was received and placed, by vote of the town, in the care of this company. It was continued in use until April, 1799, when the *Essex* engine was purchased as a substitute; again, in October, 1857, another was procured, named, by vote of company, *Naumkeag* (the name given by the Indians to our harbor and town), as a successor of the *Essex*. The company still retained possession of the *Union* engine. These records are fully corroborated by the town records, and clearly sustain the company's claims of owning the oldest engine in the country, and being the oldest engine company in the United States that can show an uninterrupted existence. The list of members obtained from the records numbers 557 names, all but 200 of which became members since 1830, and contains the names of many of our best citizens of the present and past century. Among others that of **NATHANIEL BOWDITCH**, the world's great mathematician, who was a member in 1794–96; **WILLIAM GRAY**, familiarly known as **BILLY GRAY**, the millionaire, and others who have enjoyed the honors of the first places in town, city, and State.

In April, 1861, the company were notified that their services were no longer needed in the Fire Department in consequence of the introduction of steam fire-engines; and at a final meeting they voted to dispose of the *Union* engine and records by presenting them to the Philadelphia company.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

SPITE of the late unfavorable weather, the prevailing toilets, both in Paris and at the bains de mer, are still composed of delicate materials of some light shade of color. Even where less delicate materials are worn, light tints and narrow black and gray stripes hold their ground. We have, for instance, white or pale gray or striped foulards and alpacas, with trimmings of blue, mauve, or apple-green velvet; or robes of poil de chèvre trimmed with straw passementerie, or linos with insertions of taffeta. Outdoor robes are very rarely worn with trains, and almost invariably with a double skirt, the upper one being either looped up with velvet bands or bows, or rosettes of ribbon, or else made to fall no lower than the knees, in which latter case it is either scolloped or vandyked at the bottom, and trimmed with velvet and ornaments of jet. These double skirts are generally not only of a different material, but of a different shade of color; for instance, the under skirt or jupe will be either violet, mauve, or blue silk, in which case sleeves are frequently worn to match; the upper skirt and basque being perhaps pale gray, straw-color, or very light fawn, or with narrow black or gray or mauve-color stripes on a white ground. The more brilliant color stripes, such as rose, cerise, sky-blue, orange, and emerald green, are no longer to be seen in outdoor costumes. If the jupe is of some bright color, such as those commonly worn at the bains de mer, the trimming of the robe and the chapeau is invariably in harmony with it. With these colored jupes black silk robes are likely to be much worn as the autumn advances, in which case the robe, if caught up, will be looped with velvet bands or bows of the same tint as the jupe, which will be trimmed with black guipure.

Indoor robes are generally made with trains, the skirt being extremely scanty at the waist, and of course very much gored. Occasionally there are a few plaits at the back. The bottom of the robe is sloped so as just to fall over the feet in front and trail for nearly a yard on the ground behind. When made without trains these robes have invariably two skirts, the under one being at times ornamented with a rather deep flounce, composed of alternate puffings of the material of the robe and insertions of guipure.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux, hats being almost invariably worn, both in the country and at the sea-side. The light, glazed sailor-hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet or light blue ribbon, is most in favor.

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of linos, bordered with a cord of moderate thickness and trimmed with taffeta. From the waist hangs a short upper skirt, of the same material as the dress, forming, with the corsage, a kind of jacket. At the sides are pointed swallow-tails, with silk tassels at the extremities. Chapeau Neapolitan, trimmed with velvet and bell-shaped ornaments in straw passementerie, and fastened under the chignon and beneath the chin with a loop à la chaine Benoiton, formed of ribbon and bordered with lace.

Fig. 2.—Robe of poil de chèvre, ornamented with large vandykes, trimmed with a delicate straw passementerie. A similar trimming runs down every seam of the dress. The jacket has a tassel at every point, and square buttons, also in straw passementerie, up the front. Chapeau Lamballe in straw, trimmed with violets.

Fig. 3.—Robe of foulard, trimmed with taffeta ribbon tied into knots, with a jacket to correspond. The jupe and sleeves are of thick silk, the trimming of which harmonizes with that of the robe. Chapeau fanchon of goffered crape, with star-shaped ornaments and tassels in straw passementerie.

Fig. 4.—Short robe of black taffeta, cut at the bottom into large vandykes, which are bordered with blue ribbon studded with bright steel ornaments, the cuffs of the sleeves being trimmed to correspond. The jupe, of blue taffeta, is bordered with a double ruche of black ribbon. The jacket, which is notched round the bottom into vandykes, is of the same material as the jupe, and is made to fit tight at the waist with a belt. The chapeau, of white crape, has the crown spotted over with small jet stars; it is bordered at the edges with blue velvet, and has jet ornaments hanging round the rim.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

## THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.

IT does happen, little readers, that misfortunes as well as mistakes are sometimes found in flower-gardens. The best seed, the best catalogue of directions, the best care, the utmost patience, will not always bring perfect success; and it is just as well to know this beforehand, and not expect too much. Part of the seeds will not come up, perhaps some of the little plants will hang their heads and die when they are transplanted. Then your little dog scratches up one young plant to bury his dinner bone, and pussy breaks down another in some leap after a flying grasshopper. All these things will be now and then; and so, without indulging in melancholy expectations, it is yet well to have those little herbs of patience and perseverance growing in the corner of every garden, and to pluck one or two of their small, sweet leaves whenever some more favorite plant is missing.

Lily said she thought every thing happened in her garden that could happen any where; and yet that was not true, for Primrose and Clover had each a special variety or two of gardening sorrows. The first trial—which, indeed, came to all pretty much alike—was a succession of cold, biting, rough-edged winds. The little seedlings, newly set out, could make no resistance; the wind swept over them with a kind of blasting effect, beating them down, and almost cutting them off at the root. That part of the stem withered and turned white, and the little seedling never held up its head again. Lily declared the wind gave her pinks a bite every time he came along, and that was very often in those days. Close following on the heels of the wind came the rain—pouring, driving, flooding the garden beds to half-drowning those plants that had survived the wind. It was a great pity, Clover said, that the very first of her flower work should be in such a very uncommon season, for she could hardly tell now whether she had done the work well or ill. Between whiles, when the rain held up or the wind ceased for a little, the children would run out to see what could be done—carefully covering pinks and petunias with all the little flower-pots they could find, scraping up the earth which the rain had washed away from their roots, and giving the weary little seedlings a world of pity and tender encouragement. And thus nursed and cared for, and with the help of a sunshiny day now and then, some of the little plants looked up again, and began to grow and thrive. Small fresh green leaves appeared at the top of some of the tiny stems, and every thing seemed hopeful. A few of the most tender plants were not yet set out; a few of the half-hardy kinds were not yet planted; and several of the other seed-bags were not quite empty: for Sam had advised the children not to sow all of each sort at once, but to keep back a few for a second planting, lest the first should not do well. Many councils had been held about the weather, and whether it was time yet to venture the last of the precious seed treasure in the ground.

"I think I'll plant all mine to-day," said Lily, kneeling with one knee on the low window-seat and looking out at the sky, where the wind was struggling with rain-clouds. "It's getting all blue off there in the west, and papa said if it did we should have a fine day."

"But the ground will be so wet," said the prudent Clover. "It's so hard to sow the seeds nicely when the ground's wet."

"Well—to-morrow, then," said Lily. "Look, Clover, isn't that the Jarvis carriage driving along the road? And it's turning down here, I do declare!—and Maria's inside!"

The carriage came on, and stopped at the little gate, and Miss Maria got out and picked her way delicately up to the house over the smooth, damp gravel-walk.

"Well!" she said to her three friends, who were gathered at the door to meet her, "I've come to stay all day. Aren't you glad? My father said he didn't think it would rain; and if it did, you know, it couldn't touch me in the coach. How do you do?"

"Oh, we're well," said Lily.

"Well, so am I," said Maria. "My mother thought it was too early to come, because you wouldn't be dressed, but that don't matter, you know; you can dress while I'm here, and then I can see all your frocks."

"Don't you want to come and look at our gardens," said Clover, "before you take your hat off? We always go just as soon as it stops raining, to see if the plants have grown."

"Why, don't plants always grow?" said Maria, as she followed them out. "Our garden's always full, I'm sure."

"Look! look!" cried little Primrose, running on before—"look, Clover! look, Lily! they're coming up!"

"Who's coming?" said Maria Jarvis. "Company? You'd better run in then and dress as fast as you can; but it's very early for visitors. *Our* company never comes till quite late."

"We never dress in the morning, no matter who comes," said Clover.

"Oh *do* just look how pretty!—Prim's sweet-peas are coming up!" And pretty indeed the soft, green shoots were, breaking their way through the brown mould.

"I thought they would never come," said Primrose, bending over them in her delight. "I'd planted 'em so very deep: and now here they are! Do you have a great many sweet-peas, Maria?"

"We don't have any," said Maria; "they're old-fashioned! And our gardener thinks old-fashioned flowers are dreadful. He likes all the new things. My aunt—she's ever so funny herself, and she's been staying with us a while—she asked Andrews where the sweet-peas were planted, and Andrews looked real angry, and he said, "We haven't such a thing on the whole place, ma'am, I am happy to say!"

"Sam says they are not common," remarked little Primrose, innocently; "but I got a whole paperful from Mr. Vick for five cents, and now they've come up. I'm so glad!"

"Dear me! what little bits of places!" said Maria, walking on to the next garden. "I suppose you don't have more than two or three sorts of flowers?"

"Indeed we do!" said Clover, flushing a little. "I have a dozen sorts, and the others have almost as many. I shall plant out hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine along the fence. They're growing in pots now."

"Hyacinth beans!" said Maria; "I never heard of such things. It sounds just like vegetables. Are they good to eat?"

"I don't think any body 'll ever eat *my* hyacinth beans," said Clover, a little indignantly.

"Well, you needn't be angry," said Maria; "it sounds so funny, you know, to have a flower-garden all full of beans and peas. *We* don't have any thing but fuschias, and geraniums, and Japan lilies, and such things."

The children were silent; glowing visions of what "such things" might mean flashed before their eyes; and for a minute the small flower-bed, with its one rose-bush, its little patches of hardy seedlings, lost color and promise together. Then Clover glanced toward the corner where mentally she kept her "sweet herbs," and the gentle fragrance of patience and brotherly kindness seemed to set things right in a moment.

"Oh, you have a grand garden," she said, cheerfully, "and ours will never be that, I suppose. But I guess they'll be beautiful by-and-by, when the things grow. Just look how strong my zinnias are!"

"Oh, you've got zinnias!" said Maria; "are they double ones? Andrews says double zinnias are very good for some places."

"Well, I hope this is one of the places," said Clover, laughing. 'Now come down and see Lily's garden."

"The sun's so hot," pleaded Maria, "and I dropped my veil in the house. And I don't know what my mother would do if I should get freckled. I always do freckle in the sun."

To avoid such a dire misfortune they all turned back into the house, and Lily was comforted for the slight to her garden by the thought that she should not hear any of her flowers called vegetables.

It was an easy matter to entertain their little guest—that was one thing. Just give her a comfortable chair, where she could spread out her flounces; place her in a good light, where her boot tassels and embroidered petticoat were likely to be seen now and then, and let her talk; and the small cup which Maria Jarvis kept for her happiness would be quite full. But the other children grew very weary as the day went on; rare flowers were not the pleasantest things to hear of, on the whole, and the novelty of dresses and trimmings soon wore off; so that when dinner was over, and the coach came and Maria got in, Clover saw her drive away with a deep sigh of relief; and even Lily threw her arms over her head and exclaimed:

"Oh dear! I'm *so* tired!"

"Tired of your best friend!" said Jack; "or is it that you can't wait till the time comes for you to go and spend Thursday with her? Poor Lily!"

"I'm in no hurry at all for Thursday to come," said Lily, rather sharply.

"I'm glad she's not coming *here* Thursday," said little Primrose. "Maria said my sweet-peas were old-fashioned. I should like to know what she is!"

"Why, she is—new-fashioned, if you really want to know," said Sam, laughing. "I guess she's right about the sweet-peas, Prim. I have little doubt that sweet-peas grew and blossomed in Eden, and that's being *quite* old-fashioned."

Prim's face unbent into a smile.

"Sam, you're so nice!" she said.

"Now that's what I call a compliment," said her brother, making a low bow. "What is Clover thinking of so busily?"

Clover flushed and hesitated. "Nothing—only I want some more herbs in my garden, Sam. I do believe Maria Jarvis made me a little bit discontented with my dear garden. It is such a shame!" said Clover, her voice choking a little. Sam put his arms round her and patted the hot cheeks softly.

"Let's go out and have a good walk," he said, on a sudden; "let us see what the wayside will show us, and hear what the wind will say to us. Come!"

## THE WILD FLOWER.

A LITTLE wild flower by a spring
Looked beautiful to me;
Like some secluded heavenly thing
That I alone could see;
And as my young heart felt its power
I wept and loved that tiny flower.

I wondered how so weak a thing
Should seem to me so strong:
While others passed it heedless by
Unworthy of a song,
I ventured in its praise to sing
And woo'd it as a lovely thing.

I touched the chord with trembling hand;
And startled at the sound,
I never thought to gain command
Of music so profound;
Yet still I felt the hidden fire
That slumbered in that speaking wire.

Since then I oft have touched the strings
And felt the soothing power,
The anodyne which music brings
In sorrow's darksome hour.
I found that there was joy in grief,
And in the lyre I sought relief.

And now on wings of love I soared,
And these were halcyon days!—
And still within my heart are stored
Their golden memories.
And many warp and woof I wrought
In love's creative loom of thought.

From Nature's page of light and shade
Full many a sketch I took,
Now gathering berries in the glade,
Now pebbles in the brook.
More charmed to hear the skylark sing
Than list the sound of Orpheus' string.

I never felt myself alone—
Though in the living crowd
I loved far more to be unknown
Than known but by the proud—
The bird's clear song, the humming-bee
Were sweet companionship to me.

But still that modest purple flower
That first awoke my lay
Remained in sunshine and in shower
A fragrant memory.
Flower of my lyre, I owe to thee
The heart's first throb of poesy.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"'*No appetite for breakfast?*' Then in pity to yourself look around a while, and see if you can't find one before you attempt to force any thing into the unwilling stomach. '*But you are never hungry for breakfast?*' Then you should not take any breakfast; or at least you should postpone it until you can relish it."

So said Professor Prosy to his languid daughter, as she sat at breakfast-table toying with her tea-spoon.

"Something is wrong," he continued. "Either you get up too early and overfatigue yourself before the morning meal; or, more likely, you do not rise early enough to get your digestive organs fully awake; or perhaps you sit up too late at night, or eat too heavy dinners and suppers. Something is wrong in your habits; or else you are sick, and should consult the doctor."

The Professor went on, quite unmindful that he was ostensibly addressing his own daughter—lecturing was his business.

"There is nothing so bad for dyspepsia as eating when one is not hungry. 'Hunger,' remarks some sensible writer, 'will better help digestion than Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, and fourth-proof Cognac. Never, then, go to dinner till this trusty kitchen-maid rings the bell lustily, even if you wait forty-eight hours. *Never eat till you get hungry*, is a maxim which, if half obeyed, would rout nine-tenths of the distempers of mankind.'

"Living on a bit of dry toast and a cup of weak tea is all well enough for a genuine invalid. But for workers, physical or mental, a nutritious diet is needful. And yet when a man has exhausted himself with brain work, and then feels no appetite, or, having an appetite, finds that he has also dyspepsia if he eats what he reasonably wants, he blames his unfortunate constitution. He forgets that he has made extortionate demands upon the brain-power, and that little strength is left for digestion.

"As to habits before breakfast, each one should study what is wisest for himself. Some, like children, are in a hurry for something to eat as soon as they are up—not a few would be glad of a comfortable repast *before* they rise! But many, especially in warm weather, regard the breakfast-table with listless indifference. Let such try experiments. Rise early—there is an amazing amount of time, at this season of the year, between daybreak and seven o'clock, of which many people are quite unconscious! If you have household duties, my dear," the Professor's attention was recalled to his daughter by the impatient movements of her spoon, "very well, that is good exercise; or you will find your brain very clear for a couple of hours' reading or writing. But better still, if you want to hunt up an appetite, go out into the fresh air, take a trip up to the Central Park (you may eat a cracker before you start if you feel 'faint'), stroll through the Ramble, and luxuriate in its quiet beauty at that early hour. Take a ride on horseback if you prefer; but do something moderately, and try to *enjoy doing it;* and I venture to affirm that on your return you will look with uncommon favor upon coffee, rolls, omelet, and the *et ceteras* of a good breakfast."

So, ending his homily, the good man attacked his own coffee and rolls with a relish, apparently conscious that he had taken just enough mental exercise to fit *him* for eating a hearty breakfast!

A pretty good story was related to us the other day. Some years ago there lived in the city of Boston an author of distinction who was not without certain eccentricities of word and way. One day a friend asked him:

"Professor A., what physician do you employ?"

"Not any," replied the Professor.

"Not any!" echoed his friend, in surprise, knowing that he had a family of some half a dozen children. "What do you do when your children are sick?"

"Well, I don't do any thing for a few days, and then, if they don't begin to get better, I give them calomel."

"Calomel! What, for every disease?"

"Well, yes, for every thing," returned the Professor in his moderate way. "Years ago I always used to call a doctor when the children were sick; and I found his invariable method was to look at the child's tongue, feel the pulse, shake his head, look very wise, and prescribe calomel—it always ended in that. So I thought I might as well give the calomel myself."

"Well—but"—persisted his friend, hesitatingly, "how do you know how much calomel to give?"

"Well—I give a dose; and then, if that is not enough, I give a larger one—and, if it is too much, nature generally disposes of it!"

Some writer thus sympathizes with one class in the community:

"An overworked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail which killed Sisera into her temple—sometimes tightening around the brow as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and backaches, and her fits of depression, and many more trials, linked to her fine and noble structure, entitle her to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies."

A popular preacher having asserted his belief that woman was capable of high aspirations, and ought to interest herself in the mental and moral advancement of herself and others, made this remark:

"A woman that is content to wash stockings, and make Johnny-cake, and to look after and bring up her boys faultless to a button, and that never thinks beyond the meal-tub, and whose morality is so small as to be confined to a single house, is an undergrown woman, and will spend the first thousand years after death in coming to that state in which she ought to have been before she died."

It has been the custom in France for a great number of years to train young ladies to the habit of holding back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest. From the observation of anatomists, lately made, it appears that the clavicle, or collar-bone, is actually longer in females of the French nation than in those of the English. As the two nations are of the Caucasian race, as there is no other remarkable difference in their bones, and this is peculiar to the sex, it may be attributed to the habit above-mentioned, which has gradually produced a national elongation of this bone. By this means the French have increased both health and beauty among ladies.

It was a very pretty compliment that Scott, the Commentator, once paid his wife. She is said to have possessed an unusually meek and gentle spirit; but on one occasion, something occurred to ruffle the smoothness of her temper, and her husband said, "My dear, a frown on *your* brow is like a dark cloud across a bright summer sky."

An Enoch Arden has turned up in Indiana. A soldier named Liseton, who went to war leaving a wife and child, and three years ago was reported dead, has just returned to find his child buried and his wife married.

At this season, when housekeepers are so much annoyed with house-flies, it may be worth while to try the following recipe, which is said effectually to destroy them:

Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, and one tea-spoonful of cream, mix them well together, and place them in the room where the flies are troublesome, and they will very soon disappear.

The following bull was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of "daisy-picker" to the young couple:

"But," said the poor fellow, anxiously, "there is nothing in the world so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I wouldn't myself—neither would she!* Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house some evening *without either of us being aware that the other was present!*"

A wonderful cashmere shawl, now in Calcutta, will be among the sights of the Great Exhibition at Paris next year. It is worked in arabesques of unheard-of fineness on red ground, and was ten years in the workman's frame. It was originally ordered for the Queen of Oude, not long before the Sepoy revolt.

The animal creation in general seem to be aping the fashions and manners of the "*upper classes.*" We had always supposed the horse to be one of the most intelligent of the quadrupeds; but the following incidents would indicate that the cow has the most highly cultivated taste. A Massachusetts paper gives the following:

"A couple of 'solitary horsemen' might have been seen one day last week wending their way along Main Street behind a sprightly animal. Suddenly the animal took occasion to exhibit his activity and his heels at one and the same time, much to the injury of the vehicle and the consternation of the driver, who was endeavoring to sell the animal to his companion. The horse, in his manœuvres, broke the thills of the wagon, and came to a position of repose, with his face to the wagon. A merchant near by rushed out to assist the wrecked individuals, and caught hold of the harness to pull it off, and lo! the horse's tail came off! The merchant gave one glance at the work of his hands and vanished; while the would-be purchaser, astonished at the animal's agility, was astounded at his artificial 'water-fall.'"

In contrast to this is an account given in a California paper of a cow that evidently has an ear for music. She will permit no one to milk her who will not sing while performing that operation. The moment the music ceases she becomes restless, and will break away unless it is resumed at once, but while the singing progresses she will remain perfectly docile. She does not seem to care so much about the quality of the music, provided the quantity is sufficient.

The following anecdote is related of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, of Manchester, England, who is said to have had an irritable temper:

"The church-yard was surrounded by a low parapet wall, with sharp-ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body, and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly annoyed Joshua; and one day, while reading the burial-service at the grave-side, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain, by abruptly giving an order to the beadle, to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral-service: 'And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!'"

A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:

"I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature—an 'old maid.'"

A London paper announces that Commodore Nutt is about to follow the example of General Tom Thumb, and take to himself a wife. The lady is the Miss Minnie Warren, the diminutive sister of Mrs. Stratton. Nature has been happy in the opportunities she has afforded to these little people for carrying out the doctrine of "natural selection," and they were no doubt made for each other, as the homely phrase runs.

Some patient investigator, who has become vexed at the extravagant prices now demanded for tea, has looked up the matter; and from the Report of the Revenue Commissioners has ascertained that the original price of the fragrant herb, good quality, is about eighteen cents per pound! This is the "ship off" price. The Chinese producer does not get this. There is the export duty, tolls levied at the various stations on the way to port, expenses of packing, and the two or three profits accruing before the tea reaches the hands of the exporting merchant. Adding his profit, the price at a Chinese port of shipment is, as stated, about eighteen cents per pound for good tea. The following fact needs no comment: A pound of Oolong tea was purchased of two different and respectable grocers in New York, on the same day, at one dollar and a half per pound. This tea was immediately taken to one of the leading "tea-brokers," and valued by him at a market price of ninety cents for one of the samples, and ninety-three cents for the other, which was the price at which the tea would have been sold by the importer; while the balance of the cost of the consumer, amounting to some fifty-eight cents, was cribbed by the jobber and the retailer.

## THE HARBOR.

A ROARING wind blew out of the south
That dashed the foam against the rocks;
The white-caps danced at the harbor's mouth,
The gulls flew by in screaming flocks;
But never a storm-cloud darkened the sky,
The waves flashed bright in the sinking sun;
And the wind that roared to the sea-bird's cry
Was as gay as youth with its race to run.

White sails were glancing near and far,
And some their journey had just begun;
And some came home to the harbor-bar
From the coral islands of the sun;
Some from the spicy Indian gales—
Some from the icy Arctic breeze;
These tell of battles with mighty whales
In the desolate waste of the Polar seas.

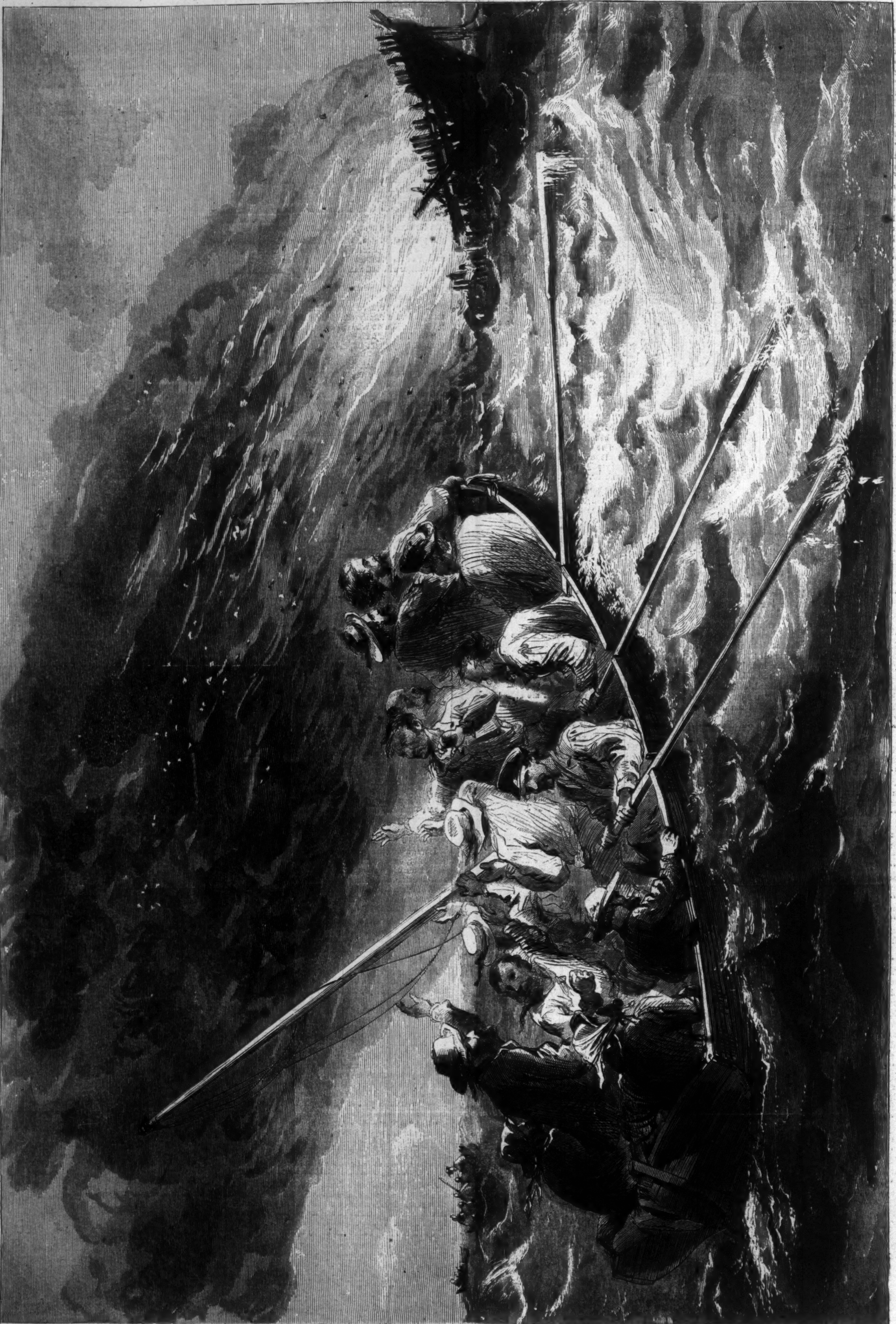
What strange, rare things bring you home to show,
Oh sailor lad! from the palm-crown'd heights?
What from the swart little Esquimaux
Under the arch of the Northern Lights?
What gems do you bring, my sailor man!
From the elephant-trodden Indian shore?
What quaint devices from far Japan?
What radiant shells from Singapore?

Her hammock, swung from the bread-fruit tree,
The dusky island-maiden swings;
Forever over that charmed sea
The gales that blow are always Spring's!
All through the radiant afternoon
The palm-trees drowse and the wind breathes low;
And up to the rising of the moon
The rollers boom on the shore below.

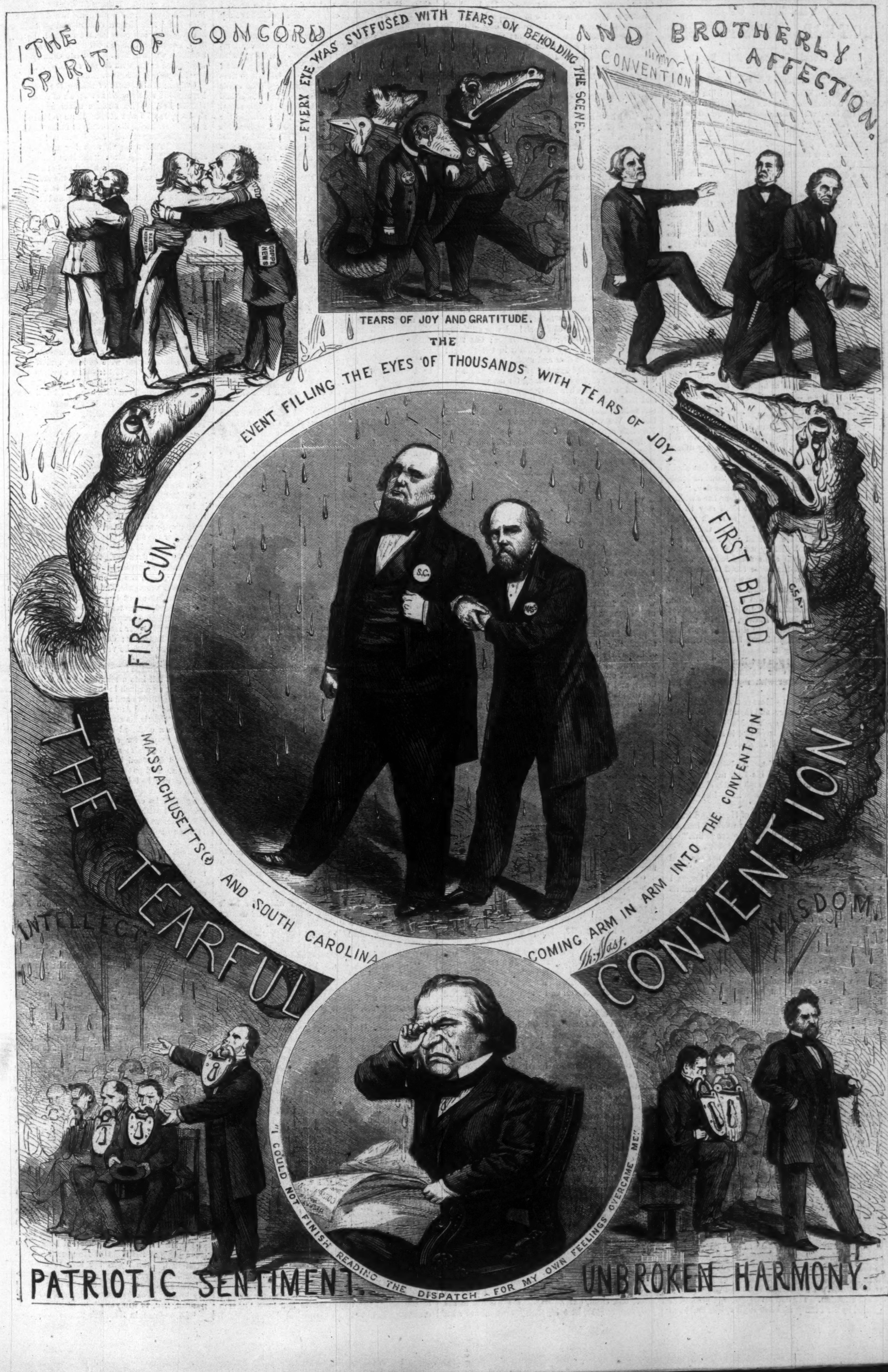
Up to the moonrise: regular, deep,
They boom on the rocks in spray and showers,
The long, slow clocks of that land of sleep,
*They* sound the flight of Time and his hours;
But after the rising of the moon,
When cooler airs blow over the sea,
The breakers sink to a lullaby tune
Like the night-birds in the tamarind-tree.

And you have been to those shining shores
Of endless Spring, oh gallant bark!
And you, where the Arctic tempest roars,
From out the dread half-year of Dark!
And to one who sailed from this harbor-bar
'Twas given to reach that mythic goal,
The sea that is under the Northern Star
And rolls in mystery round the Pole.

Many and strange are the thoughts you bring,
Oh beautiful, mysterious ships!
My heart goes out on the sea-bird's wing,
But even its utterance dies on the lips.
The sea of thought is a boundless sea—
Its brightest gems are not thrown on the beach;
The waves that would tell of the mystery
Die and fail on the shore of speech.



BURNING OF THE CALIFORNIA CLIPPER "HORNET," ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND.—Sketched by Mr. Weir.—[See Page 614.]


THE SPIRIT OF CONCORD AND BROTHERLY AFFECTION.
SOUTHERN RIGHTS
COPPE NEWS
EVERY EYE WAS SUFFUSED WITH TEARS ON BEHOLDING THE SCENE.
TEARS OF JOY AND GRATITUDE.
CONVENTION
THE EVENT FILLING THE EYES OF THOUSANDS WITH TEARS OF JOY,
FIRST GUN.
FIRST BLOOD.
S.C.
MASS
C.S.A.
MASSACHUSETTS(?) AND SOUTH CAROLINA COMING ARM IN ARM INTO THE CONVENTION.
Th: Nast.
THE TEARFUL CONVENTION
INTELLECT
WISDOM.
"I COULD NOT FINISH READING THE DISPATCH FOR MY OWN FEELINGS OVERCAME ME."
PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT.
UNBROKEN HARMONY.

# THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

### In Six Weekly Portions.—Fifth Portion.

## CHAPTER XI.

AT nineteen, life is very vigorous within us. Let the soul be harrowed and the mind tortured as they may, the body will yet struggle to throw off its load of suffering. My youth and strength asserted themselves, and physical illness was not added to the anguish of my heart's sorrow. It was otherwise with my aunt. Her frail tenure of life was sorely weakened by the shock, and we watched at her bedside with a dumb foreboding. Anxiety for her, and the necessity of attending on her, took me out of myself. The sharp present pain sometimes dulled that other heartache for a moment. But there were hours when my wounded love awoke and cried within me with an exceeding bitter cry; and the moaning voice of the vast eternal sea seemed but the echo of my little human woe. At first I could not speak of it. I could not think of it. I could only feel it. But by degrees I lost the overpowering sensation of terror that possessed me at the first agonizing aspect of my grief, and slowly dared to look it in the face. For three days after my uncle's arrival I was as one in a dream. Mechanically I went about my daily duties, and said no word, and asked no question. Mr. Norcliffe was constantly in the house, fulfilling the duties of a physician and friend with unobtrusive kindness; I think it was by his advice that they left me to myself, and forbore to speak until I should be prepared to hear. At last, as I have said, I took courage to look my trouble in the face, and I resolved to know all they could tell me. "I will hear it at once," I said, "and then—"

And then?—

I could see nothing beyond. The long vista of my future years had held one figure journeying by my side. No matter through what trials we still should walk together. That had been my dream of life.

"Uncle," I said one night when the household were preparing to go to rest, and my aunt had fallen into a heavy slumber after a restless day, "will you come out with me on the beach for a little while? Aunt is asleep, and the servant shall stay in her room till I come back. I want to speak to you, and I feel as if I should be stifled in the house. Will you come?" He pressed my hand in his, took up his hat, and silently we went down stairs. A short flight of rough stone steps led down from the terrace on which the house stood to the shore, and, once upon the wide beach, we were in absolute solitude. It was a warm dark night, with phosphorescent gleams upon the water. The soft wind, blowing seaward from the land, brought with it sweet wafts of country odors. Slowly, slowly, and in silence, we paced onward, until a turn in the shore showed us a distant light-house blinking with its red eyes far into the night.

"Dear uncle, I want you to tell me—"

"To tell you, my dear bairn?" For I had stopped and stood silent with my hand upon his arm.

"To tell me all about—Horace and my sister. I will only ask you this once, and then it will be over."

"I am glad you have spoken, Madge. It would have been my feeling to have had it all out before now. But others thought differently, and perhaps they were right."

"Yes, uncle; quite right. And—and—I want to beg one thing of you." He took my trembling hand and held it in a firm though gentle clasp. "I want you to try not to say things like—like—"

"What things, my darling?"

"Such as you said that night of Horace. I know what you must feel; but oh, dear uncle, I beseech of you not to say hard things of Horace to me." I was sobbing with my head upon his breast.

"How shall I speak the truth and not say hard things of him?" returned my uncle, bitterly. "But there, there, my beloved child. Heaven knows I would not willingly add to your burden. I will do my best, Madge."

Then, brokenly and with difficulty, he told me what he knew about my sister's flight. "I suspected nothing," he said, "nothing in the world. It must have begun when they were so much together at Meadow Leas. He seemed moody, and did not spend so much time as formerly at the Gable House. At least, not with my knowledge. God knows what went on behind my back. Anna had full liberty, and, as for him, he was like a son of the house." By degrees, I heard all that he could tell me. They had not left Willborough together. Horace had started by the night-coach for his northern destination, and Anna must have met him at some preconcerted point upon the road. She was not missed for some time, having given out to the servants that she was going to spend a few days with the Gibsons at Meadow Leas. Neither my uncle nor I had the heart to follow all the windings of the scheme. A few hours after he had missed her, and had begun to feel uneasy at her absence, he received a hurried letter in Anna's hand, saying that any attempt at pursuit would be worse than useless, as before those lines could reach Willborough she and he would have crossed the Scottish Border, and got married. "I was half-crazed," said my uncle. "As to sitting still at home, I could no more have done it than I could have flown to Scotland, and seized the throat of yon—; well, well, I won't say it, my lassie. But that's what I longed to do at first. When it fairly came home to me that it was too late, I just flung myself into a post-chaise to come to you and your aunt. Talk of a man's strength! Yes, if fighting be the cue. But for endurance: why, the bravest of us is fain to lean on you frail creatures when Sorrow comes and sits herself down in the ingle-nook."

In all that my uncle said and left unsaid I could trace the deep wound that Anna had given to his proud affection. He had loved her so. He had so gloried in her beauty and her high spirit, and even in her untamed vehement temper. He loved me fondly, and felt for me. No sympathy could have been deeper, more tender, more unfailing than his. But, for himself, the bitter smart was this: that her hand should have dealt the blow. That she should be false, treacherous, ungrateful! His pet, his bonny bairn, his darling! Strive as he would to throw the blame on Horace, there was a rankling sense of her unworthiness that wrung his kind heart cruelly, cruelly. Never again, on the rare occasions when my sister's name was mentioned between us, did I hear him speak of her by the familiar appellation of her childhood. It was "your sister," or "Mrs. Lee," or "Anna." Never Nan, or Nanny. Never, never again.

When Uncle Gough had ceased speaking there was a long silence between us. At last I rose (we had been sitting on a heap of loose stones) and took his arm. "Thank you, uncle," I said. "You are very good to me."

"Good to thee, my precious bairn!" All his full heart gushed out in a burst of tears and inarticulate ejaculations. He took me in his arms, as if I had been indeed the bairn he called me, and wailed over me as a mother over her sick child. We wept together until the passion had spent itself, and something like peace came down upon our souls. And, as we walked slowly homeward, the first glimpse of that, "*and then*," began to dawn upon me.

What if, though the bright glory of my morning were quenched forever, there still remained long twilight hours to turn to account ere the night cometh when no man can work! I was still very weak, very heart-sick, very miserable; but there was already a faint ray of comfort in the thought that I might yet be dear and useful to others.

When we reached home the servant of the house was standing at the door looking for us, and she ran forward to say that her mistress was with my aunt, and that some one had been dispatched for the doctor, as Mrs. Gough was awake, and seemed "mortal bad." We were with her immediately, and Mr. Norcliffe arrived soon after; but the first glimpse of her face told me, inexperienced though I was, that human skill was powerless to prolong her life. She died peacefully in my uncle's arms that night.

## CHAPTER XII.

WE went back to the old house, Uncle Gough and I, to the quaint old house at Willborough, taking the shadow of our sorrow and our loss with us. I pass by the first pain of looking on the familiar scenes and faces with our changed eyes; I pass by the grief of the servants, the condolences of friends, the sympathy of humble neighbors. As my uncle had said, now that Sorrow had sat herself down in our ingle-nook, it was to me that he looked for consolation. He was a man peculiarly sensitive to a woman's influence, and peculiarly needing a woman's sympathy. Soft and unassuming as his wife's character had been, he had leaned on her for support in the everyday affairs of life, and had turned, in any trouble, to the never-failing solace of her wifely love. Now she was dead, and Anna was gone, and Horace, whom he had loved so well, was cast out forever from his home and from his heart, and there was no one but I left to fill the vacant places. What a sad autumn was that which followed our return to the Gable House! The summer had waned before we left Beachington, and my uncle and I used to wander arm in arm along the garden paths and through the shrubbery, ankle-deep in fallen leaves. He seldom cared to pass the iron gates into Willborough, and few strangers crossed our threshold. But, once, old Mr. Lee came. He came one sunny afternoon, soon after our return home. I, sitting sewing by the window in the morning-room, heard the gate bell ring, and looked out to see who the unwonted visitor might be. I stood up trembling, and my work dropped upon the floor.

"Margaret, what is it?" asked my uncle, looking at my scared face; then, following the direction of my glance, he too saw Mr. Lee, who was now almost at the porch.

"I can't bear to see him, uncle. What shall I do? Let me go away."

"Yes, child," said my uncle, with his brow knitted into the stern, troubled look it often wore now. "Go, dear. He shall not disturb you. Why does he come here at all? It was a bitter hour when any of his name first darkened these doors."

I hurried away up stairs, my knees shaking under me, and shut myself into my own room. There I staid for above an hour, sitting motionless and dry-eyed on the bed, with a dull sick feeling at my heart. At last Hester came up stairs and knocked at my door.

"Your uncle's love, Miss, and do you feel well enough to come and give him his tea?"

Then I knew that Mr. Lee was gone, and I arose and went down to my uncle. He said not a word at the time about his visitor; but I learned afterward that the interview had been a stormy one. Mr. Lee, while deprecating the conduct of his son, had tried to act as mediator between Horace and my uncle, endeavoring to show that continued resentment on the part of the latter could only hurt himself, and was really uncalled for. That the thing was done and could not be undone—"which," said my uncle, "was the sting of the whole matter"—and so forth. But it finally appeared that his chief object in coming had been to ascertain whether Anna's marriage would make any difference in the amount of her prospective inheritance. My uncle had always announced that my sister and I were to be the joint inheritors of what property he had to leave, and that it would be divided equally between us.

"I told him," said my uncle, speaking of this to me afterward; "I told him that neither your sister nor her husband would ever be the richer by one penny of my money. She and he have chosen their way, and must pursue it together. But never, with my consent, shall any help go from me to them, either during my life or after my death. I have one niece, one child, one heiress. He wanted to see you, feeling sure, he said, that *you* would not wish this. But I told him that if you were an angel I was none, and that in this matter I would have my own way. So he left me."

I tried, of course, to alter my uncle's resolution. What was the money to me? But whenever I reverted, even distantly, to the subject, he grew so fierce and terrible in his anger against her, that I was fain to cease my pleadings, and leave it to time to soften him more effectually than any poor words of mine could. So the autumn and the winter and the spring wore away, and the summer came round again in its appointed course. Twice during the year Mr. Norcliffe had come to see us, and on his last visit had pained me by asking me to be his wife. Pained me, because my own trouble made me tender to the genuine feeling of an honest heart. And it could never, never be.

"I don't ask for love, Miss Sedley," he said. "I know and respect your feelings. But if you could ever bring yourself to think of me—if you could give me any hope that time might change your resolution—you would make me a very happy man."

I think I did not fully know what my love for Horace had been, nor fully realize how that part of my life was lost to me, until I received this proposal. My uncle would have encouraged it; and Mr. Norcliffe was a man every way my superior, and I was very sensible of the great honor he did me when he placed this high confidence and trust in me. But all that was over. I assured him that my marrying was impossible, then and thereafter. He took it like the fine-natured gentleman he was. And the last words he said to me on that occasion were these:

"Miss Sedley, if you ever need a friend's advice, or a brother's protection, will you believe that I should esteem it my dearest privilege to afford you both? Will you tell me that you trust me enough to ask me for them?"

This I could most heartily and gratefully assure him. There had been several letters from Anna to my uncle, and there had been one directed in Horace's hand. But Uncle Gough thrust them all unopened into the fire, holding them firmly in the blaze until the last fragment was consumed. My heart yearned sometimes for news of my sister. I had been thinking, dreaming, musing on her, and on Horace, all the year; and as my first anguish softened I began to ask myself if this estrangement were to go on all through our lives. He had loved her best. Was she not more beautiful, more attractive than I? I thought sometimes that if they had only come to me, and had only confessed that they loved each other, and had asked that I should release Horace from his promise, I could have done it.

One bright day I had persuaded my uncle to drive some miles out of town to a small property he had in a neighboring village, consisting of a few cottages and some pasture-land. One of his tenants had desired to see him on, I know not what, business connected with some trifling repairs. It would be a change, an occupation, an excuse for a short absence from home. I dreaded to see him entirely lose his once active habits, and sit dreaming in the house day after day. I urged him to drive over to the village, and, having seen him set off in his high gig with the old mare, fat and frolicsome after her long rest, I took advantage of his absence to go into Willborough and make some housekeeping purchases. I had almost completed my task, and was nearing the Gable House on my way back, when I remembered that cook had asked for some sweet herbs, and I went into a shop to get them. We all know how subtle and potent is a familiar odor to awaken sleeping memories in the brain, and the smell of that shop invariably took me back to the market-day when Anna had gayly thrust a fragrant bunch of herbs over my uncle's shoulder, and we had first seen Horace Lee. Oh me! How long, how long ago, it seemed!

The good woman who served me put up what I wanted; and then, as I took the little parcel in my hand, she said:

"So we've got your sister back among us, Miss Sedley."

"My sister!"

I suppose my face turned very white, for I felt the blood rush back to my heart, and the woman looked at me with a startled expression.

"Dear life, miss! I hope I haven't done wrong to mention it. I never thought but what you knew. Will you sit down a moment, miss?"

"No, no, thank you. But tell me—when did they—I mean how long—"

"How long they've been here?" said the woman, helping out my unfinished sentence. "Well, I'm not rightly sure, but it must be going on nigh a week. My master, he seen young Mr. Lee at Rotherwood's door last Thursday. They're staying there, I take it."

I thanked her and hurried out of the shop. As soon as I reached home I shut myself into my room, and, without removing my hat and cloak, sat down to think. I should run the risk of meeting them, unprepared, at any moment. I knew too well that any idea of my uncle's admitting them beneath his roof was hopeless as yet. But I did not think he would forbid me to see my sister. Did he know of her being there? I scarcely thought he could; he had so resolutely set his face against all mention of her name by any one whomsoever. It behooved me to consider how I should act. Could I bear it? Could I see him as my sister's husband? How would they receive me if I went? I revolved all the aspects of the question without coming to any decision, when, on a sudden, my heart cried out: "She is your sister, she is the motherless companion of your infancy, she is the only living being of your blood you have to cling to. Go to her!" I listened to my heart's voice, and arose, and went forth upon the urging of that strong impulse. I hastened out at the iron gates, and took my way along the street to the house the woman had mentioned. Mr. Rotherwood's offices were on the ground-floor, and (his dwelling-house being in another part of the town) the upper stories had been hitherto disused. But now, as I glanced at the windows, I saw white curtains there and signs of habitation. I would not stop for a moment, nor slacken in my pace, lest I should turn coward and go back without fulfilling my purpose. I reached the private door, almost breathless with my speed, and, having knocked, was admitted by a little country servant, who stared at me with all her round eyes.

"Is—your mistress—within?"

Only at the moment of asking the question did I remember that I must now speak of Anna as Mrs. Horace Lee. With strange unaccountable inconsistency, I, who was coming there to heal the past, and offer reconciliation, could not make that smaller effort of calling my sister by his name!

"Yes," said the girl, with her wondering eyes still fixed upon my face: "she is at home."

"I know her. I am a friend. Let me go up."

I pushed her aside, and ran up the staircase, and into the sitting-room which faced it, and there—nursing a tiny infant at her breast, and singing softly to it, in the old sweet voice—sat my sister Anna.

"Margaret!"

She rose and faced me. The deep red blood rushed over her face and neck, and then, receding, left her deadly pale.

"Oh, Anna! I did not know this. You are a mother, Anna! Oh, Anna, Anna! let me kiss your child."

With sobs, and half-uttered words, and passionate embraces, we clung together, holding the little baby between us. And so we wept, and wept, until, thank God! the flowing tears washed from my innermost soul the last lingering bitterness of anger.

When we grew calmer and could speak to each other—that was not for a long time—Anna asked me if Uncle Gough were coming, and if he knew of my visit? But, in her quick way, she read the answer in my face before I could utter it, and drew back with the curved haughty lip I knew so well.

"Ah, no. I see. He is still hard, and implacable, and vindictive. Well, we must endure it. That is all."

"Hush, hush, Anna! Do not speak so; I can not hear it. Tell me about yourself. How old is your baby? What is its name?"

"Poor little thing! She is very wee and frail, isn't she? Only two months old. We came away from the north as soon as I was able to travel. She is called Lily."

I remembered Horace having once told me that his mother's name had been Lilias. As I looked more closely at my sister, and as her face recovered itself after the strong emotion of our meeting, I saw that she was thin and worn. She was very lovely, with the rich dark curls clustering round her forehead, and her lustrous brown eyes that looked larger than ever, from the thinness of her face; but her cheek was very pale, and there were lines of care and suffering about her mouth, and the mark on her forehead, which told of the frequent contraction of her handsome brows, had deepened.

"Little lily, poor small lily, little fair white lily, you don't know me; do you? I am Aunt Margaret, and you must be very good to me, and love me very much."

I had taken the infant in my arms, and I hushed it until it fell into a slumber, when Anna told me to place it on a couch in the room that was prepared for it with pillows and a light warm shawl.

"Hark!" cried Anna, as I laid the sleeping baby down; "that is his step. Here is Horace."

I have a confused remembrance of breathing a hurried prayer for strength while that footstep mounted the stair; and then his hand was on the lock and he stood before us. Anna advanced to meet him, and put her hands upon his shoulders; but his eye had lighted upon me, where I stood trembling like some guilty creature. Dashing down the papers he carried in his hand, he put his wife aside, and with a cry which I shall never forget sprang across the room and clasped me in his arms. It was so sudden that for a second I was powerless to move. But almost instantly I released myself from his embrace, and, retreating a step or two, held out my hand. I was astonished at my own strength, now that the test had come.

"Forgive me," said Horace, passing his hand over his forehead, "it was so unexpected. I—I did not know what I was doing when I caught sight of your face. Forgive me."

"Forgive you!" cried a voice, so hard and strained, that I started, scarcely knowing it for my sister's. She stood looking at us, and her dark brows were knit, and her eyes flashed menacingly, and I saw what the change was that the year had made in Anna's face. All the youth had gone out of it.

"Forgive you!" she exclaimed. "Do you remember that your wife is present? Has the sight of Margaret so overwhelmed you as to blot out from your memory the past twelve months?"

Horace dropped my hand and turned toward her.

"No, no, no," he answered, "I have not forgotten, Anna, that you are my wife."

Something in his tone jarred upon her irritable nerves and set her in a flame. The old furious temper took possession of her, and shook her slender figure. She heaped reproaches on us both until I stood aghast to hear her.

"You had best be silent, Margaret," said Horace, turning to me. "She is a mad woman while the fit is on her."

He then sat motionless, with his head bowed upon his hands. Anna's loud angry tones awoke the child, who set up a piteous wail. I stooped to take it in my arms and soothe it; but she snatched it from me, and pressed it to her breast with a fierce clasp.

"She is mine, my child! You shall not touch her! Her love, at least, I can claim." Then, turning to her husband: "You are a weak fool. Do you think I can not see what old infatuation has come back at the sight of Margaret? You are a weak fool. What was her love to mine? She never loved you. Why, at this moment, see how calm she stands! What did she ever do to prove her love? Would *she* have planned, schemed, defrauded, lied, to win you?"

"Stop, Anna, in Heaven's name!" cried Horace, rising. "Say no more while this mad temper possesses you. Spare us, and spare yourself."

"No; I will not spare myself. I did plan, I did scheme, I did defraud, I did lie. I was false to my sister, to my uncle, to every one. There was nothing I would not have done or risked for you, because I loved you so, and because it seemed as if my great love *must* win yours in the end."

"If neither for my sake nor your own, then for our child's, I beseech you to command yourself," said Horace.

The vehemence of her passion had so exhausted her that she burst into a storm of hysterical sobs, and fell back upon the couch with the baby wailing and moaning in her arms. Horace went to her, and motioned me away as I advanced:

"Go now, Margaret. You can do no good," he said, softly. And indeed Anna's sobs redoubled at my approach, and she shrank away from me. "Go, and try to forget this miserable scene. God ever bless you for coming, Margaret! Don't—" he hesitated, and then went on in a lower voice—"don't quite desert us. We deserve nothing at your hands, but you are not one to balance that bitter truth against our need of you. And—and, for the sake of this innocent little one, don't desert us, Margaret. Don't quite desert us."

I went away from the room and from the house; and, out of the dark sea of sorrow around me, only one thought rose clearly into my mind. That he had loved me until she turned his heart against me. That he had been deceived. That he had not been coldly false.

For some days after I hesitated whether or not I should tell my uncle that I had been to see Anna. Had my visit ended peacefully, or given me any hope of happier relations arising between us, I would have risked his short-lived anger, and confessed the truth at once. But I shrank from the idea of a recurrence of such harrowing scenes. I could not tell whether he knew of Horace's return to Willborough; but I thought it almost impossible that he should still be ignorant of it. So the week went by, and I was still undecided. At last I resolved to let Uncle Gough know by indirect means. So I requested Stock to gather some choice wall-fruit, for which the gardens of the Gable House were famous, as I wished to send a present to a friend. The old man brought the fruit wrapped in vine-leaves to the morning-room, where I was sitting, and where Uncle Gough was deep in the perusal of the weekly *Gazette* from London. Poor Stock was very feeble now, and bent by rheumatism. My aunt's death had been a real grief to the old man, whose few attachments were very strong and lasting.

"I've been an' got what's left on 'em, Miss Margrit. They bain't like they used to be, but the Lord's will be done!"

"Thank you, Stock. They look very fine, I think."

"Ah, look? If looks was all, some on us 'ud stand but a poor chance. Them nectarines—why, I can remember the season afore iver Bill Green set foot in the place, they was one mash o' juiciness. Bustin' they was with ripeness. Seems to me as tho' summat had clean took the flavor out of everythink." Uncle Gough glanced over the newspaper:

"Ay, ay, Stock. I begin to find that out myself. I'm afraid you and I are both suffering from a complaint that is apt to take the flavor out of every thing. Old age, Stock, old age. But," he added, gently, "it will cure itself, it will cure itself."

"Yes, sure, Sir," answered Stock, conveying something like softness into his hard immovable face and monotonous voice in an indescribable way. "Yes, sure; an' the cure 'il be a lastin' an' a blessed un. Once we gits through the valley o' the shadow, there'll be joyful meetin's t'other side. An' no more partin's. That's the blessedest, Sir, bain't it? No more partin's."

"Margaret," said my uncle, suddenly, when the old man had withdrawn, and I was packing the fruit in an open basket, "who are those nectarines for?" I trembled, but I had made this opportunity, and would not let it slip. So I took courage to answer in as steady a voice as I could command: "Dear uncle, I hope you will not be angry. I thought I might have them. They are to send to my sister Anna."

He still held the *Gazette* before him, so that I could not see his face; but I heard the paper rustle and shake in the dead silence that ensued. I was very much frightened. At length my uncle rose from his chair and walked slowly toward the door; but before he reached it, he held out his hand, and I ran into his arms. "God bless thee, my bairn!" he said very softly, and I felt a tear drop on my forehead. His hand was on the lock, but he paused in the act of opening the door, and said, without turning or looking at me: "I'm going into the garden, my lass. There's a vast of fruit and flowers almost spoiling there. Take whatever you want, and do as you like with them. You—you need never tell me any thing about it."

In this way I obtained an indirect permission to send many little gifts from the Gable House to my sister, and they were accepted. It was a long time before I could bring myself to visit her again, but I did so at last, having heard from one of the servants that the child was ailing sadly. After that, I constantly went to see her. I always chose those hours for going when Horace would probably be absent; and during several months I did not see him half a dozen times. Anna's manner to me fluctuated; but though she was often fretful, irritable, and unreasonable, there was no repetition of the outburst to which she gave way on the occasion of our first meeting. Little Lily was fading and pining, and our anxiety and love for the dear child was a common ground of sympathy between us.

I had had several letters from Madame de Beauguet, giving pleasant accounts of herself and her husband. I had kept her informed, as well as I could, of all that had befallen at the Gable House; of my aunt's death, and of Anna's marriage. My letters, as you may suppose, were but dreary exchanges for her bright, cheerful epistles. But she wished for them, and was glad to hear all about myself that I could make up my mind to tell her. I know she was glad to get my letters, because she said so. Anna would often ask to have news of the De Beauguets. Their life in Canada, and the kind of people who surrounded them, seemed to have an inexhaustible interest for her. Gradually I discovered that she was eagerly endeavoring to persuade Horace to leave England altogether, and try his fortunes abroad. He was restless and unhappy here, she said. Things were not going well with him. There, in America, he would have a wide field for his talents, and would work with energy. But I believe there was a secret unacknowledged feeling at the bottom of her heart that he would belong to her, more entirely and exclusively, when once he should be divided from the familiar scenes and friends that still claimed any regard from him at home. Be that as it might, Anna had set her heart upon this scheme, and pursued it with headlong vehemence. How Horace thought of it I could not tell; he never spoke to me on the subject. And, besides, as I have said, we very, very seldom met. But an unforeseen and painful circumstance unexpectedly occurred to make him think seriously of the project. Old Mr. Lee was in the habit of receiving large sums of money for the baronet, his employer, and, Sir Robert being seldom at the Hall, had very nearly absolute control of the property. There was no appeal from Mr. Lee's decision for any tenant on the estate. Notwithstanding an arrogant pomposity of manner, and an implicit belief in the infallibility of his own wisdom, he was considered, on the whole, to deal fairly between landlord and tenant. Even those who most disliked him—I am sorry to say they were rather numerous—had to restrict their animadversions to the offensive "stuck-up-ishness of his manner." "Our old gander 'minds me always of Mr. Lee," said Farmer Gibson once. "When he swims under the stone arch of the bridge on the river, he ducks his head down every time, just as though he was high enough and strong enough to carry away bridge and all, if he wasn't precious careful. Now, the arch is a good six foot over him, let him crane his neck up as he will; but the silly bird can't see that. It's just the same with the steward. Why, when he comes into our place, he stoops down, so condescending, for fear he should do us a mischief like. Lord, we're a mile above his head all the time! Only, ye see, he don't know it, no more 'n the gander."

Unfortunately this blind pride was destined to have a fall which crushed other people in its ruins. I dare say my uncle had heard rumors of the impending crash, in Willborough, before it came. Disaster seldom comes unheralded by a warning atmosphere of its own. But I lived so entirely out of even our little world, that the evil tidings took me quite unprepared. It seems that Mr. Lee, relying solely on his own judgment, and taking no counsel of those whose experience might have guided him, had embarked all he possessed in a ruinous speculation, which burst, leaving him and many others nearly penniless. But this was not the worst. The worst was overwhelmingly bad. It was hinted that Mr. Lee had not risked and lost his own merely. For the error in judgment of losing his own perhaps more pity than indignation might have been bestowed on him: though, in truth, the world is generally very angry with people who lose their money, and finds it dreadfully hard to forgive that offense. But it was asserted that a very large sum which Mr. Lee had received for Sir Robert, and which he should have deposited in the county bank, had been appropriated by him to this other purpose—no doubt with the full intention of replacing it—and was lost with his own property in the general ruin. I first heard the news from Anna, who was half distracted about it. "He has disgraced us—disgraced Horace. That is the misery. The loss of his own money would have been a serious misfortune, of course. But this is shame and ruin." I cautioned my sister not to speak in that unguarded way until the truth of the matter should be positively ascertained. But she took this in ill part, asking me if I supposed the good name of her husband's father were not as dear to her as to me? Briefly, she was in no mood to be argued with, and I could only hope that, in her excitement, she had exaggerated the extent of the evil. But on venturing to speak to my uncle of the matter, I learned, to my dismay, that the worst had been confirmed, and that Mr. Lee would not only be a ruined man, but one with a slur upon his name henceforward. "Uncle, what will they do with Mr. Lee? Can Sir Robert punish him? How will it be?" In my anxiety I forgot the tacit understanding between us that the name of Lee was never more to be mentioned at the Gable House. Uncle Gough forgot it too, perhaps; for he answered with a troubled face, "My lassie, it is a bad business. I am told his son is making every effort to repay the money belonging to Sir Robert; if he can do so, they say it will be hushed up. As to old Lee's own savings, they are blown to the four winds of heaven, like the dust of last summer." This was the calamity which made Horace finally resolve to leave England. He sold his share in Rotherwood's business to young Clinch; and the sum thus raised, together with his savings during the past year, sufficed to replace Sir Robert's money. I believe the baronet behaved considerately, and forebore to take legal proceedings, on the assurance from Horace that his property should be restored. But of course Mr. Lee lost the situation he had filled so many years, and in his old age was cast destitute on the world. When all was done, there remained but a slender store wherewith to take Horace and his wife and child to Canada. He resolved on going first to Quebec, in the hope that De Beauguet—now a prosperous man—might be able to assist him to find employment. It was a sad, sad time. I was with them very much, rendering what assistance I could. Soon after it was settled that they should go, my uncle announced to me one day that he would be absent from Willborough for a week or so.

"I'm going to bide with Norcliffe, Madge," he said. "He has often asked me to go and see him, but I have never had the heart to do it yet. You'll be more at liberty when I am out of the way for a season. I'll be back with you, my darling, on the twentieth."

Horace and my sister were to leave Willborough on the nineteenth. Before my uncle started for Beachington, almost at the last moment, he gave me a little packet.

"This," said he, nervously, "is for you, Madge. It is your own, to do as you will with. I put no restriction whatever on the use you are to make of it, but don't let me hear of it any more."

When he was gone I opened it. It contained a bank-note for fifty pounds. The few days preceding my sister's departure were very busy days, and seemed to fly past us.

On the last evening I was left alone with Horace. Anna had quitted us to put her infant to rest, and we sat in the bare dismantled room, surrounded by the discomfort and desolation which attend the preparations for a long journey, while the evening shadows were deepening rapidly into darkness. Then, for the first time, I learned that old Mr. Lee was to accompany them. "I could not leave my father here to starve, Margaret," said Horace. "I have no means of providing for him. He must cast in his lot with us. Besides, Willborough scenes and Willborough people are painful to him now. It is best that we should all go and hide our shame and misery together."

"I hope," said I, faltering, "I hope and trust your going may be for the best. There are some here who think that this—this—"

"This disgrace," suggested Horace, bitterly.

"—this misfortune—need not have driven *you* from England. You, at least, are blameless."

"Am I?" he returned, in a tone that sent a sharp pang to my heart. "Yes, oh yes! I am blameless. Margaret, do you think I could have gone on living this life much longer? It was killing me."

"Horace!"

"Yes, it was killing me and killing her. We can never know happiness again."

"Oh, Horace, do not say so!"

"Never, never again. But at least the daily and hourly torture we both endure in this place may be lessened. I am a wretch to distress you, Margaret," he said, rising and going to the window: "a selfish wretch. But the truth is, I am worn out, mind and body, by these last few weeks. I scarcely know what I am doing sometimes."

I saw his hand go wearily up to his head against the dim window-pane.

"I know you are not well," I answered, struggling to regain composure; "I have seen it for some time. The voyage and the change may be of service to you, and to my poor pale Lily. Horace, I have but one other word to say, and I say it with my whole heart—be good to Anna. She loves you; be patient with her; remember she will have but you in all the world now."

"God help her, poor girl!" he answered. "Yes, Margaret, you may trust me to be patient with her. Who should be patient with her, if not I? We must help each other."

When Anna rejoined us we sat and talked a while with some poor assumption of cheerfulness. We spoke of our old governess, and of her wedding-day, and I sent many messages to her and to her husband. Before I left I went to look at baby sleeping in her cot, and slipped into her little tender hand a paper containing my uncle's gift. I had written on it, "To Lily, from Aunt Margaret." But the following day the little servant brought me a letter, left with her for me by my sister. It contained the bank-note and these words: "If my uncle chooses to recognize me as his niece and adopted daughter I will cheerfully accept his assistance, but I will take nothing in the shape of alms from you. A. L."

Stubborn, self-tormenting spirit! Poor misguided girl!

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

**Important to Nautical Men.**—The best light for the binnacle. Stearine candles.

**Beat that.**—We know a man so clever with his lathe that he can even turn a deaf ear.

During a visit to England an Irish lady was one day defending her country with characteristic warmth against charges made concerning its bull-making propensities by a witty Englishman. "Well," he at length exclaimed, "if you won't allow you commit bulls, you must, at all events, confess you commit an outrageous number of murders!" "Granted," cried the Irish girl; "yet even our murders are not at all so atrocious in their character as your English ones." "Oh, now, now!" broke in the gentleman, mischievously, "only listen to this girl defending her murders!" "No," she replied; "not defending, but comparing them. It is seldom you hear of an Irishman staining his own hearth-stone with blood, if his wife offend him; a few hard words, or at most a few hard blows, are her punishment; but if the English boor's wife offend him, very likely *she will go to bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut.*"

Why is a noisy tumult like a boatman rowing against the current?—Because it is an *uproar* (up-rower).

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog?—One wears a shirt, the other pants.

Somebody, evidently an old bachelor used to such things, thus describes how they do in Maine: "Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, 'Mr. ——, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing?' You nod acquiescence. She gently steps closer to you, lays her white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylphlike form upon tip-toe, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sugar, molasses, lily, rose-bud, cream-tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, nectar lips against yours, and (O Jerusalem, hold us!) kisses you. Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

"Pray," inquired one minister of another, seeing so many ladies attend his church, "why do you invariably address your congregation as 'dear brethren?'" "Oh, the answer is easily given," he replied; "the brethren embrace the sisters."

### EXCELLENT HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

*Raised Crust.*—Stick a crust of bread on your fork and raise it in the air.

*Jugged Hair.*—Get up very early in the morning and dip your head in the water-jug; you will thus have jugged hair to perfection.

*Apple Turnover.*—Throw your apple down stairs. This is a simple but excellent way of making apple turnover.

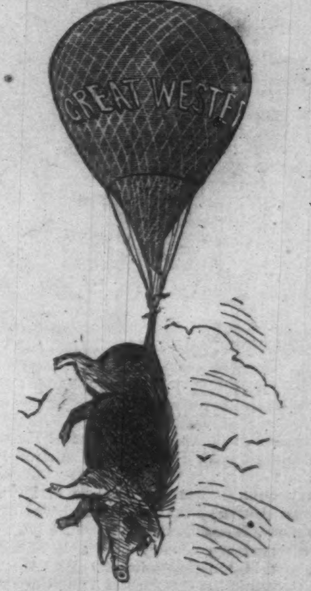
*To take out Ink-stains in Linen.*—Throw the soiled garment over your shoulder and walk down the High Street with it.

*An Ice Cream.*—Pick out the prettiest girl you can see, stir gently into the corner, and ask her to give you a kiss; you will soon have a nice scream.

A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning that he had slept like a top. "I know it," said the other; "like a humming-top."

**Conundrum for Convocation.**—A reverend gentleman, the Canon of a Cathedral, had his pocket picked. Why was this Canon like an Armstrong Gun?—Of course, because he was rifled.

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the gallant young Irishman who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't *sleep at night for dreaming of her*. A parallel instance to this occurred when a poor fellow protested to "his girl" in the hay-field that his two eyes *hadn't gone together all night* for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied this sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is between them."



"Pork is going Up."—*Cincinnati Paper.*

### WILLIE.

Willie came to me a wooing,
Fie! Willie, fie!
To no purpose all your suing,
I'll not wed—not I.

Willie only came more often,
Fie! Willie, fie!
All your talking ne'er can soften
Such a maid as I.

Still he came and still he pleaded,
Fie! Willie, fie!
Sure such rash vows ne'er were needed,
I'll not wed—not I.

That is, stupid! not at present—
Go, Willie, go;
Such rude questions are unpleasant—
Can't you take a No!

Begging, supplicating, pressing;
No, Willie, no!
All at once—'twas quite distressing—
Willie turned to go.

When I found I couldn't get him
Aught more sweet to say—
Go—of *course* I couldn't let him—
Willie, darling!—stay!

### A HOUSE TO LET.

**Party with order to View.** "Can you tell me why the last tenant left?"

**Party in Charge.** "Left? Lor, poor dear man, he didn't leave. Lived here till the werry last, and hanged himself in that there very room."

A man who is advertising lodgings "to let for early risers," at Danbury, Connecticut, adds: "Cochin China fowls of unusual vocal powers are kept on the adjoining premises."

"Mr. White, will you have the kindness to lend me ten dollars?" "Certainly, upon one condition." "Name it." "That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck." "I must give it up." "Well, it is because *I can't see it!*"

What riches are those that certainly make themselves wings and fly away?—Ost-riches.

## LURED.

Said the wind to the lamp in the light-house tower,
"Come out and play with me;
Thou shalt light my path in the midnight hour,
Alone o'er the stormy sea."

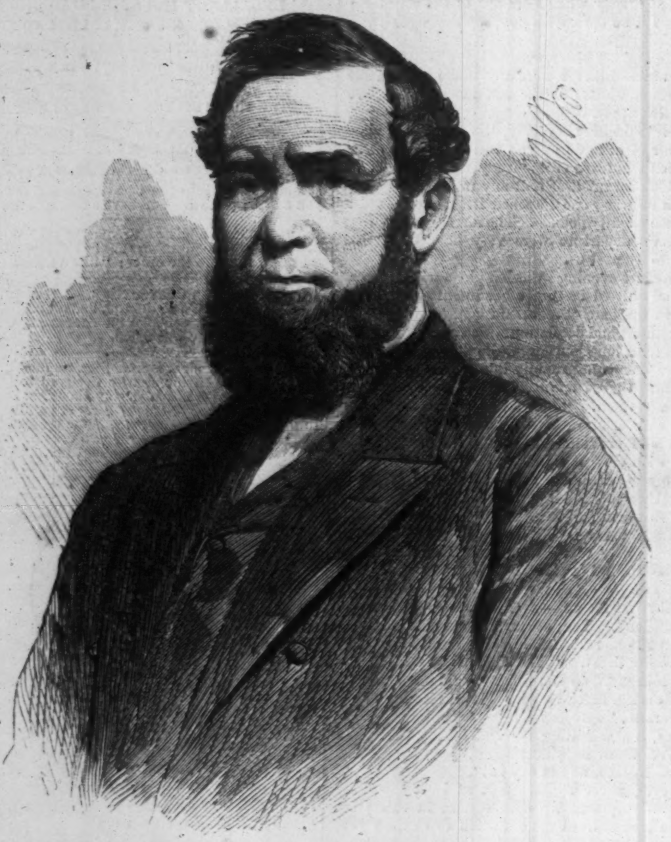
He whistled in vain o'er the raging foam,
And wooed—but no answer came;
While safe and bright in its lofty home
Burnt the coy and steadfast flame.

"Come away, come away, thou art prisoner there
While others may revel free;
My soft caresses come merrily share,
Come out and play with me."

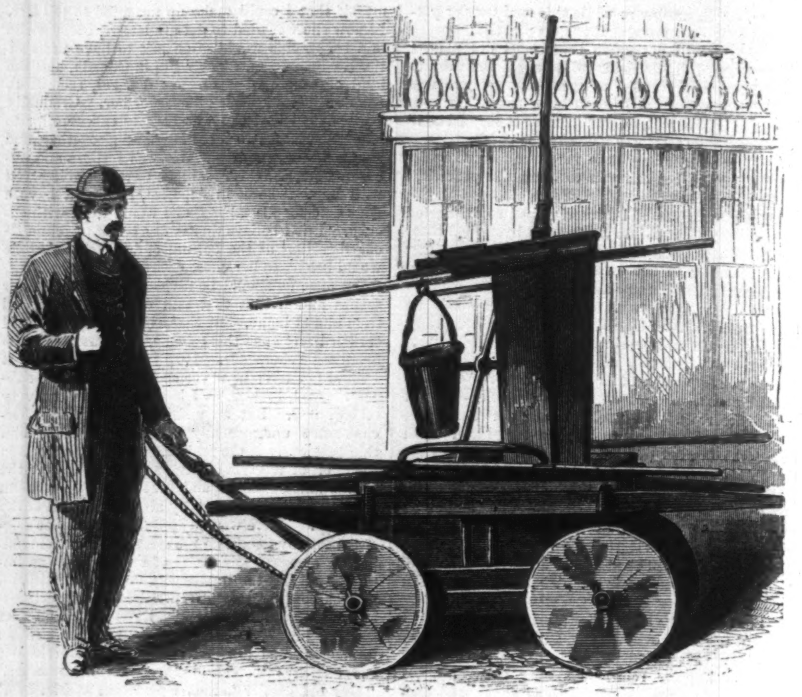
"I may not be lured from my eyrie above
To light thee o'er billow or foam;
Much peril I see in thy boisterous love,
Much safety for me in my home."

He toyed with the lattice so softly—as sweet
As the zephyr of evening his breath—
Till he laid the full warmth of his love at her feet,
And she yielded to freedom—and death!

O maidens! the lamp in that light-house tower
Has ne'er out of darkness arisen;
Beware of the perilous love of an hour,
Or the feeling that home is a prison.



GOVERNOR PAUL DILLINGHAM, OF VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON.]



THE OLDEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE UNITED STATES.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

## GOVERNOR DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT.

WE give on this page a portrait of Honorable PAUL DILLINGHAM, who has just been elected Governor of Vermont.

PAUL DILLINGHAM was the son of PAUL and HANNAH (SMITH) DILLINGHAM, and was born in Shutesbury, Massachusetts, August 10, 1799. His father served the country in the Revolutionary War, first in the Massachusetts Militia for six months, then in the Continental Army three years, from June 1777 to 1780, his regiment being connected with that part of the army which was under the more immediate command of General WASHINGTON. His grandfather, JOHN DILLINGHAM, served in the "Old French War," and was killed in June, 1759, in the battle preceding the surrender of Quebec to WOLFE.

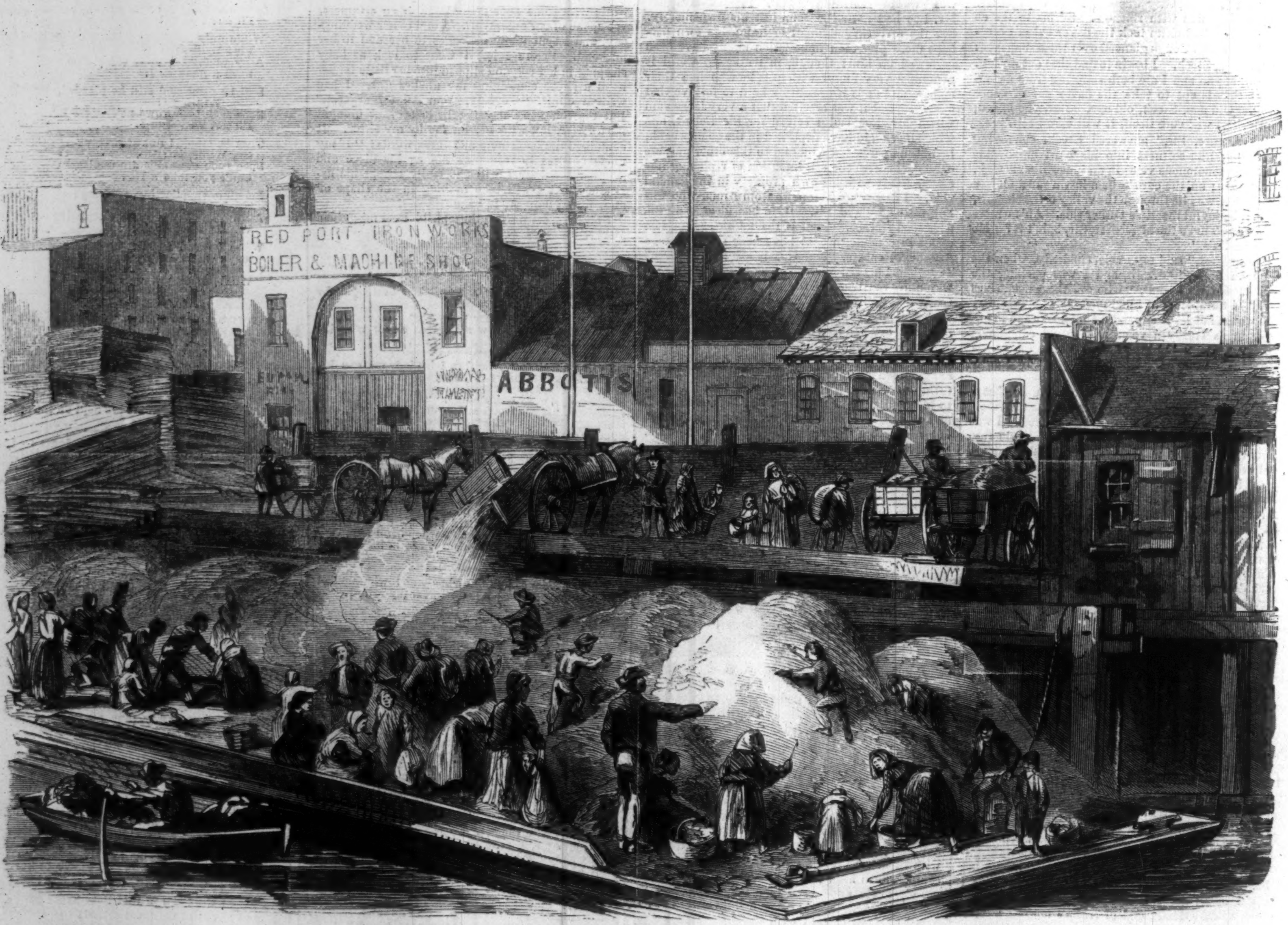
When about six years old he removed with his parents to Waterbury, Vermont, which has ever since been his home. In 1818 and 1819 he attended Washington County Grammar school at Montpelier, then under the tuition of SENECA WHITE, a recent graduate at Dartmouth; and in 1820 he commenced the study of law with Honorable DAN CARPENTER of Waterbury. He was admitted to the Washington County Bar at the September term of 1824, and from that date has been in the active service of his profession. As a jury lawyer he has long stood among the first, if not the very first of all, in Vermont.

He was Town-Clerk of Waterbury from 1829 to 1844. In 1833 he was elected the representative of Waterbury in the Legislature, and was re-elected the next year. In 1835 he was elected State Attorney for Washington County, and held the office for three years. In 1836 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. From 1843 to 1847 he was a member of the United States Congress. In 1861 he was a member of the State Senate; in 1862, 1863, and 1864 he was Lieutenant-Governor, and having acquitted himself nobly in all the places he has held, he well deserves the highest honor which the State of Vermont ever bestows upon one of its citizens.

MR. DILLINGHAM was a Democrat by birth and education, and always acted with the Democratic party; not, however, without many inward and some outward protests against its subserviency to slavery. During the last Presidential campaign he was a frequent speaker at popular meetings, not only in Vermont, but in New Hampshire and New York. His devotion to the Union has not been made manifest by words alone. He gave two sons to fight, one of them to die, for the country.

## DUMPING GROUND, FOOT OF BEACH STREET.

OUR engraving below furnishes a faithful picture representing an everyday scene at any of the great dumping grounds of the city. These nondescripts whom our artist has portrayed digging so busily and eagerly at this heap of rubbish live upon the refuse of respectable folk. The bones and coals and rags gathered together by these people are taken to the various receptacles of such articles, and the meagre pittance obtained in return is spent for a little bread and as much bad whisky as can be bought. And so these miserables live until life can no longer be sustained; but even at death, it may be said that they only come into a little closer contact with the corruption which has tainted the atmosphere of their poor lives.



DUMPING GROUND AT THE FOOT OF BEACH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

## POOR CHRISTINE.

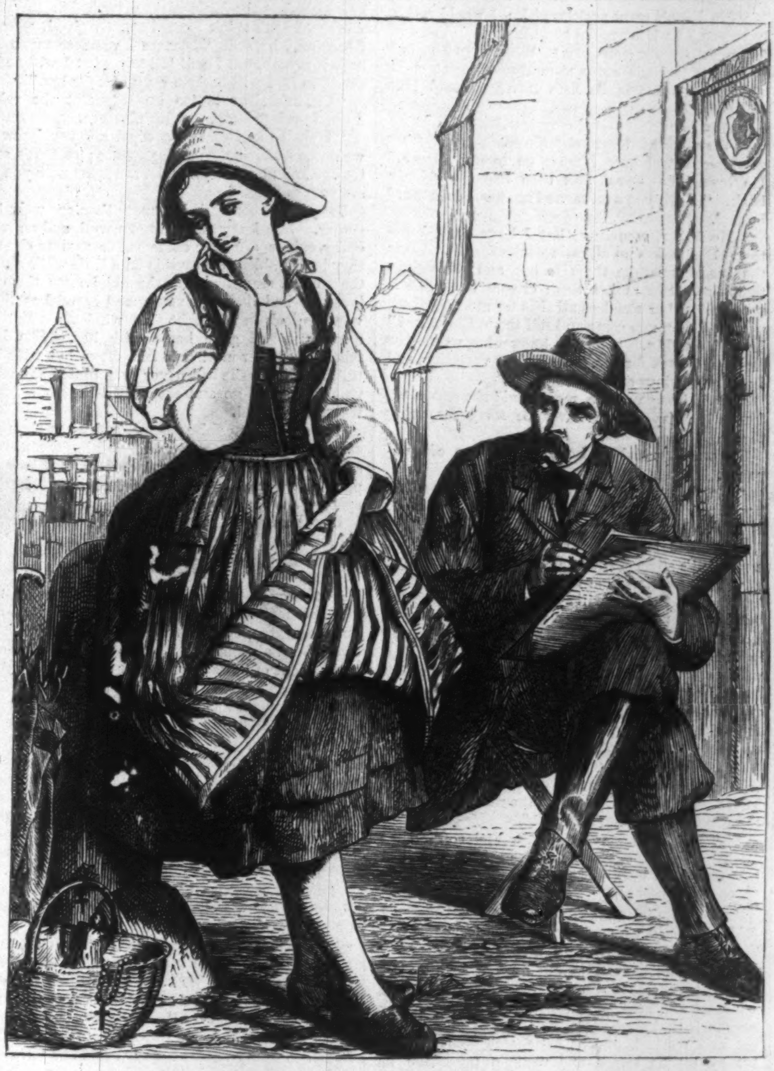
"I REMEMBER it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the porch there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great gray sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft and capital and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of these guineas, and this summer, because, in striving after such early wages, he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, toward which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gayly returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and those mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and wheresoever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long sought, long unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching board and all his materials for drawing with him, and holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of every thing about him distracted him so at first that a few days had passed before he could do any thing but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before at length he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two attracted by curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked, and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward before he turned homeward to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.


"POOR CHRISTINE."

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her, the great high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young, bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scathless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself, suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unsaddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked:

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur; every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it!" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "Oh no, monsieur; I know every body who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of *me*," Frank said, good-humoredly; "for I shall be here every day, I dare say, for the next two or three weeks."

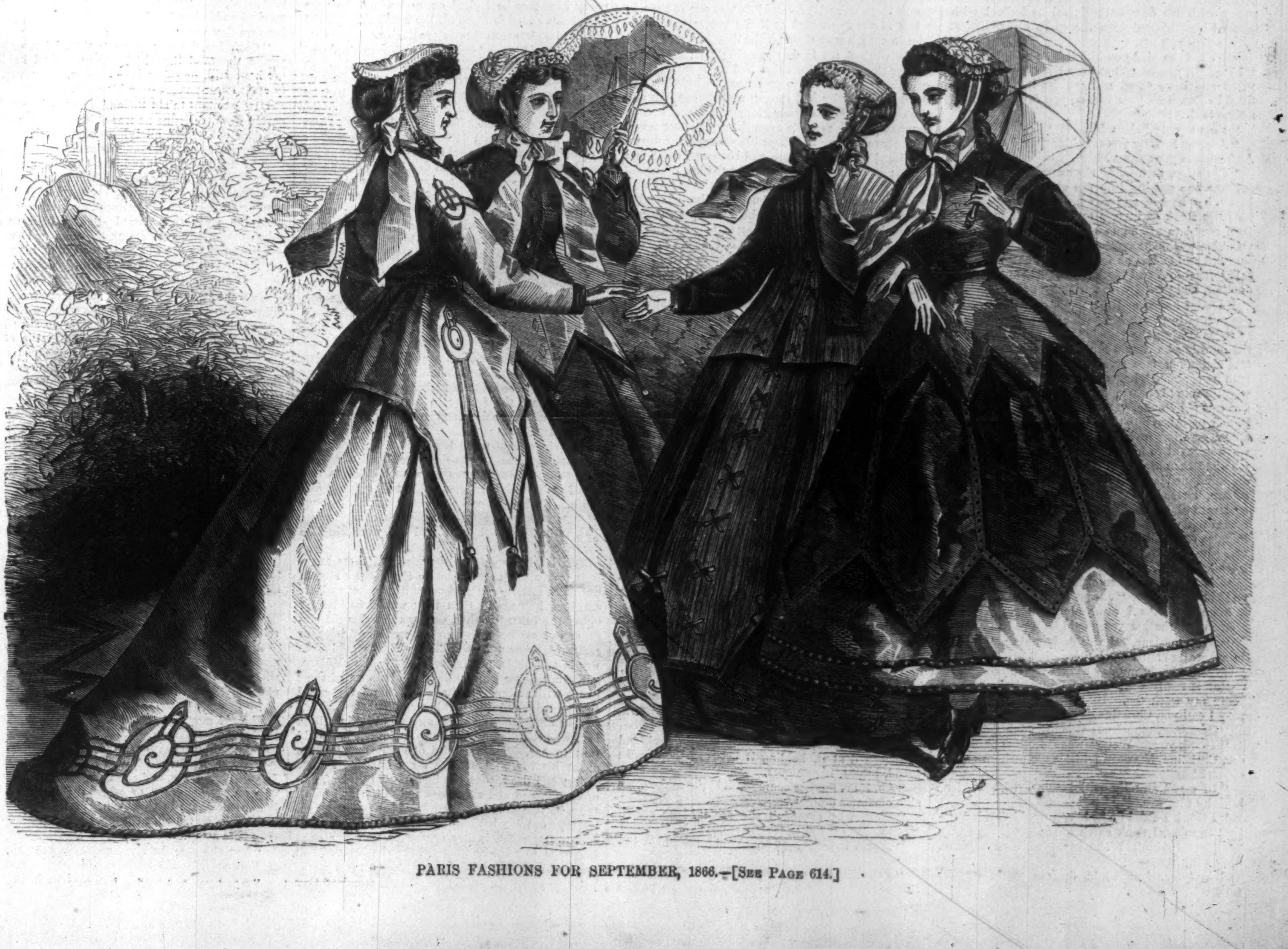
"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awe-struck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I


PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

have got on a little further with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half pitying smile, and said,

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them though they *are* dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammers striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all *was* so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply; "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

He had nearly burst into an answer about the saints that was more impetuous than reverent; but happily he checked himself in time, and instead of speaking stood looking for a minute in silence up over the great dark, glorious church-front, and wondering at what she had said Out from the gray, solemn stones there seemed a thousand voices that spoke to *him:* how could it be, he thought, that this girl had passed her life under the shelter of its shadow, and yet that to *her* every stone of it was dumb.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said "good-by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the day that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough Englishman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there—it is 10 o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at 10 o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work too. By-the-way, I wonder—oh, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of *me*?" and the girl blushed with sudden, half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls—"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather have you," he interrupted her, bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half-way, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur; but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know I have a mother too, and I work for her. We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur!" she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do any thing else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence, she said, simply and earnestly:

"It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living—harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and—"But even me—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than Frenchwomen's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said, smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm, gray summer day, windless and sunless, yet with a softened brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and as his sketch went on, and bit by bit he seized and made a possession for himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked so well yet upon no other day; he had been so happy upon no other; all life seemed full of gladness to him, and *his* life especially—his glorious painter's life—so great and noble! He had no genius probably, this boy Frank Liston; but his cheek could burn and his heart could beat with the love of all noble things. He never made the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it *almost* seemed as if the power was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day among the many things that had made him happy, one thing had been the presence of Christine. A bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl—real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad; but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was: he knew, as he sat at work, that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers—the girl whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-porch, and the boy whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the gray sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make any thing of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind that; I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily—for by nature she was no lover of silence, but could chatter and chirp like any bird—that she often altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why shouldn't she see it?" he asked. "Let us take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half-timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then—" he paused and looked at the little picture tenderly: "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it, I will make a copy of it for her."

"Oh, monsieur is too good!" But the color flushed up into her face with pleasure.

"I shall like to make a copy, and you know it would be unfair not to give you one; so that's settled. And now will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

They had before this had more than one walk together. She knew the old town well, and on several evenings, after the cathedral doors were closed, they had rambled side by side for a little while about the streets, searching out the old houses that he loved, or had lingered, young and hopeful as they were, to look in at bright shop windows. But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonnette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought—until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterward, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three—so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were—draw to each other? He could never tell—could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterward could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women—women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamed of the height or depth of any thing in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt—could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once in the old, dead days of his early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretagne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps *she* kept him more than all besides; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely at those sketches of his—those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for every thing around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southward across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learned both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her. He would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hill-top, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"Oh, Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said, when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together, and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to *me*," she answered, softly. "*You* will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but *I* shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "Monsieur," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said, presently; he had thrown himself down on the grass, and laid his head upon her knees; he was looking at the old town, not at her. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him as he lay, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our old walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget *me*, Christine; but I shall remember *you* to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone but to remember? When I come here can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think *you* will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream; while *we*—" with a passionate gesture that he did not see she clasped her hands and uttered her last words with a broken sob; "monsieur, when *we* lose you we lose our daily bread!"

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped hers in it, and drew her arm down round his neck:

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times!" he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after-years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the court-yard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterward forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half-audibly,

"Christine!"

"Monsieur!" she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told this story standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now."

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment among the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half-sadly. "We can not put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we should rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music toward them through the door.

"We are losing the mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, and listened to the gorgeous music that was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle.

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## THE EXTRA TRIBUNE
FOR THE
## POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A political struggle, rarely surpassed in importance or intensity, has been precipitated on the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson and some of his official or personal adherents to the great and patriotic party by which they were intrusted with power.

The aim of this treachery is to put the steadfast Loyalists of the South under the feet of the "whipped but not subdued" Rebels, and to enable the latter to glut their vengeance on the former, whom they hate and curse as responsible for the most unexpected overthrow of their darling "Confederacy."

The recent wholesale massacres at Memphis and New Orleans were but conspicuous manifestations of the spirit now rampant in the South, whereof the Pro-Rebel triumph in Kentucky is a more recent example. The soldiers of Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, and Hood are now the dominant power from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; they elect each other to office in preference even to stay-at-home Rebels; they have supplanted nearly all others as policemen of Southern cities; they are organized and officered as State militia; and they ruthlessly crush every demonstration of loyal Whites or loyal Blacks in assertion of the EQUAL RIGHTS of AMERICAN FREEMEN. The school-houses of the Blacks are burned, and their white teachers subjected to violence and outrage by unchanged Rebels, who relieve the work of murder and arson by cheers for Andy Johnson and execrations of Congress.

The purpose of forcing Representatives of the Rebel States into Congress, in defiance of the loyal oath, by Presidential fiat and Military power, is openly avowed, with threats that those who resist it shall be treated as rebels, and a civil war thus kindled throughout the North and West.

It has thus become imperative that those who stand for LIBERTY and LOYALTY—for the right of the UNION to exist and of MAN to be FREE—should organize and work to strengthen the hands of CONGRESS for the inevitable contest before us.

We must convince the SOUTH and the COPPERHEADS that revolutions go not backward—that Emancipation is an unchangeable fact—that the glorious CIVIL RIGHTS ACT can never be repealed—that the rights of the humblest AMERICAN are henceforth guaranteed and shielded by the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, and must be maintained against all gainsayers—that the days wherin BLACKS had no rights which WHITES were bound to respect have passed away forever.

We hold to-day the power in all the Free States of 1860, in West Virginia, and in Missouri beside. We must hold these in our ensuing elections, and add to them Maryland and Delaware—the former lost to us through treachery, otherwise Johnsonism. We must elect to the Fortieth Congress an overwhelming majority devoted to Loyalty, Nationality, and the inalienable Rights of Man.

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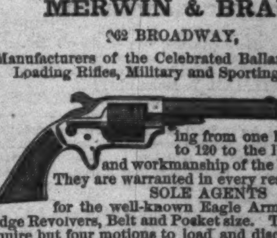
All business men seek investments that will pay. The Political Campaign, now fairly inaugurated, is increasing the circulation of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE immensely, making it more than usually desirable as an advertising medium. Price $1 per line. No advertisement taken for less than $5 00. The circulation of THE TRIBUNE has increased over one hundred and forty thousand copies since the first of August. This is an interesting fact to advertisers. Address THE TRIBUNE,
No. 154 Nassau Street, New York.

Real Estate Dealers both in City and Country will find THE TRIBUNE a very valuable medium through which to reach parties wishing to buy or sell.

### MERWIN & BRAY,
262 BROADWAY,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Ballard Breech-Loading Rifles, Military and Sporting Styles.



Thes Rifles carry a ball varying from one half oz. each to 120 to the lb. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

SOLE AGENTS

for the well-known Eagle Arms Co.'s Cartridge Revolvers, Belt and Pocket size. These Pistols require but four motions to load and discharge, a degree of perfection never before obtained. Are sure fire, and carry a much larger ball than any other revolver of the same weight and size. Also Agents for the Whitney Arms Co.'s Colt's model Revolvers, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridge of every style and size.

Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds. Illustrated circulars furnished when desired.

262 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

### Stammering

Cured by Bates' Pat. Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d. St., N.Y.

NOW READY—Washburn's Autumn Catalogue of splendid Flowering Bulbs, containing a list of the choicest Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Lilies, &c, with full and explicit directions for their culture. It also contains a beautiful colored plate, and many other fine engravings. It will be forwarded postpaid upon receipt of 10 cts. to all applicants. Address WASHBURN & CO., Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.

### 100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,
### Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

**Washes Well! Wears Well!**

### The Genuine Magic Ruffle!

These goods, having the above trade-mark on the Box and Card, are warranted to measure six full yards in each piece, and to WEAR and WASH as well as any made by hand.

THE GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under careful supervision, have withstood the tests of *six years'* constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, 95 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE FLUTING IRONS. HOME-MADE RUFFLES.

### MEN WITH BRAINS,

And $10 capital, are making $10 to $30 per day with "The Great Labor Saver." Worth $20 to any family. Quick sales, large profits, small capital, no competition, no risk. Ladies, gentlemen, clergymen, teachers, clerks, mechanics, every body who wants a money making business, should send for papers.

Address R. WAYVELL,
Lombard Block, Chicago, Illinois.

### Take Time by the Forelock.

The miasma which generates epidemic fevers is now rising in clouds under the blazing beams of the dog-day sun. Every living body, as well as refuse animal and vegetable matter, emits unwholesome vapors, and in crowded cities and the dense assemblages which business and pleasure call together, the elements of disease are evolved. The pressure upon every vital organ is never so great as in the second and third months of summer, and common sense teaches us that these organs require to be reinforced to meet it.

We hold our lives, so to speak, on a *repairing lease*, and this is the season when the process of dilapidation is most rapid, and repairs are most required. Therefore *build up, prop, and sustain the powers of nature* with that mighty vegetable recuperant, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. He who takes it may be said to clothe himself in sanitary mail, against which epidemic disease will hurl its poisoned shafts in vain. This is no gratuitous assertion, but a great *medical fact*, attested by twelve years' experience in every climate of the habitable globe. Extremes of temperature always disturb the functions of the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the skin. It is through these that the most dangerous maladies assail us. Tone them in advance with

**Hostetter's Bitters,**

And defy heat and malaria.

BABBITTONIAN SELF-TEACHING PENMANSHIP, so warmly commended by *The Scientific American, Independent, Evangelist, Methodist, Baptist, Tablet, Observer*, &c., &c., by eminent Teachers who have adopted it with unprecedented success, as well as by the London Press, consists of 92 Copies on self-explaining card-board slips, illustrated by 60 Woodcuts and a Chart, and is sent postpaid to all parts of the Union for $1 50; 36 exquisitely-finished Babbittonian Pens postpaid for 50 cents, or 72 Pens and the Penmanship for $2. Unequaled inducements to Agents and Teachers. Address E. D. BABBITT & CO., 42 John St., N.Y.

### "KA-FOOZLE-UM."

| | |
|---|---|
| DAUGHTER OF THE BABAH, Comic Song | 35c. |
| "SHE SLEEPS, THO' NOT A STAR," Serenade | 35c. |
| THE CUCKOO'S NOTES, Ballad, for violin, 15c.; piano | 30c. |
| "NELLIE'S GONE FOREVER," for violin, 15c.; piano | 30c. |
| "ORGAN GRINDER POLKA," for violin, 15c.; piano | 30c. |

Mailed postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, New York, Publisher.

THE "THUNDERBOLT," Howard's new Breech-loading Rifle, superior to the Needle Gun, only $25 00. FOWLER & WELLS, Agents, 389 Broadway, New York. Circulars on receipt of stamp.

**$1500** PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill.

**$150** A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

### PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann Street, New York, and 35 Lincoln Street, Boston.

DEMOREST'S Magic Photographs, or instantaneous Photography in the Parlor, splendid subjects, only 15 cts. per package. Mailed free on receipt of price. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, New York.

Profitable employment guaranteed to male and female agents. Address O.H. Noble & Co., 102 Centre St., N.Y.

WANTED—AGENTS, $250 a month, Male and Female, to sell the GENUINE COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted 5 years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 68 Broadway, room No. 3.

### $5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders,

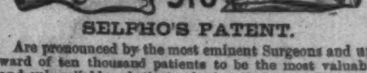
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

### HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE.

Superior advantages in English, Classics, Sciences, Commercial, French, German, Piano Music, and Painting. Lewis's Gymnastics for Ladies, and Military Drill for Gents. Eighteen Instructors. Term opens Sept. 10th.

Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., PRINCIPAL.
*Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y.*

### ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND ARMS.



SELPHO'S PATENT.

Are pronounced by the most eminent Surgeons and upward of ten thousand patients to be the most valuable and *only* reliable substitutes for lost limbs ever invented, comprising all that is desirable in Artificial Limbs, viz.: ease, comfort, lightness, durability, and simplicity. Send for Pamphlet. WILLIAM SELPHO & SON, Patentees and Manufacturers, No. 516 Broadway, New York.

[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiograpyh.*]

### THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

### Important to European Travellers.
HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.
BY W. P. FETRIDGE.

A New and Revised Edition (the Fifth Year) of this Valuable Book is now ready.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

**6000** AGENTS wanted to sell six new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15 cts. and get 80 pages, or 25 cts. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. Ephraim Brown, Lowell, Mass.

### AGENTS WANTED

To sell an article, patented, that will sell in every house, store, office, city, and county. Large profits to agents. Circulars free. Sample 50 cts. Call on or address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

### HARPER'S
### NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
### FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

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| One Copy for one Year | $4 00 |

*An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

**Circulation nearly 100,000.**

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.